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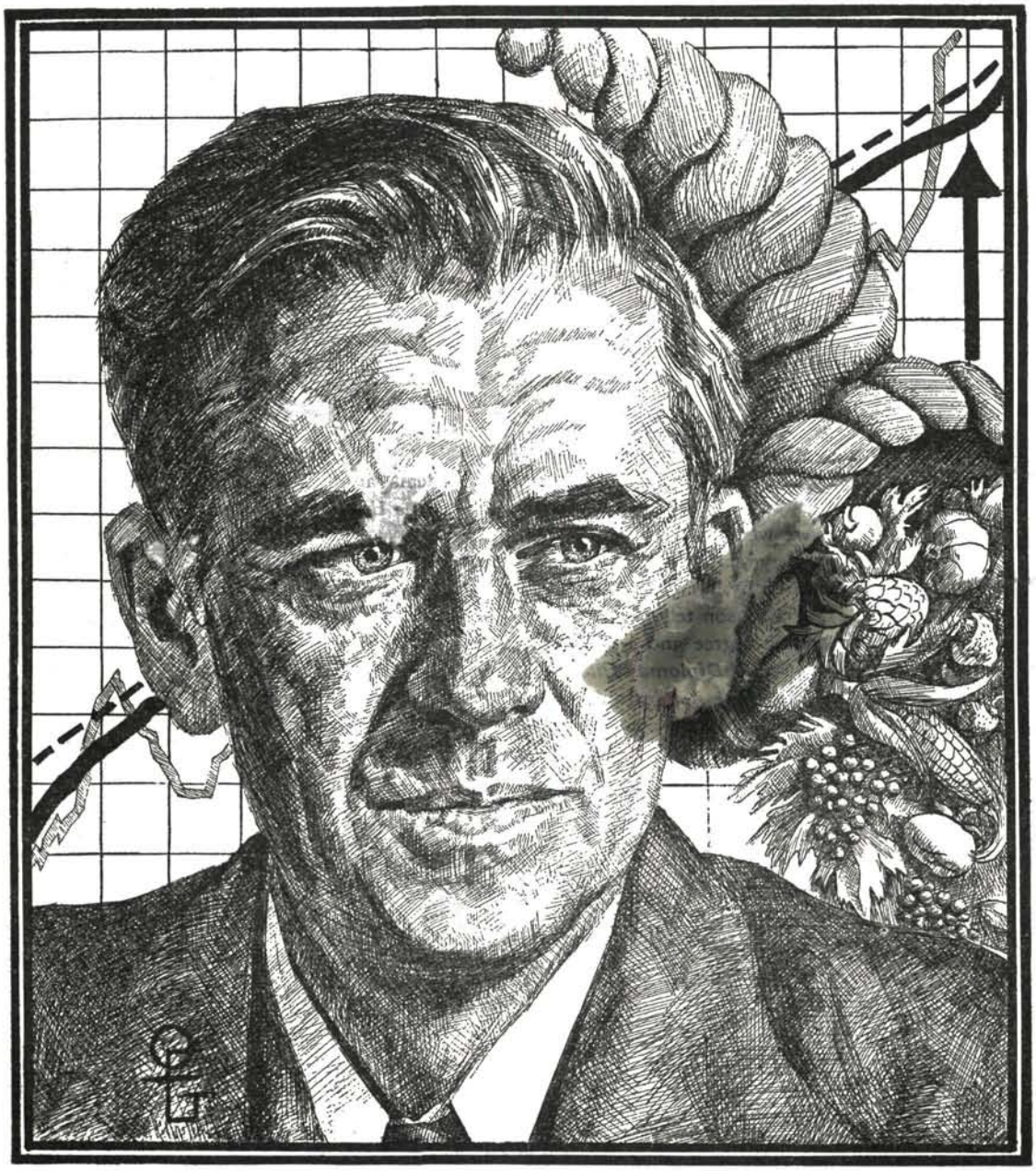

Henry A. Wallace, author of "Sixty Million Jobs." *(See page 9)*

The Mind of the Negro

By H. A. OVERSTREET

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THE COMMUNISTS MOVE IN ON ITALY

Gene Rea, who has personally attended Communist policy meetings in Italy, reveals the plans and strategy for a Communist *coup d'etat* in that country. He exposes the leaders, publishes the program, proves the infiltration of Communists in the key government posts, the police, and the army, tells how arms and war materials are being secretly stored, and how the Fascist gangsters of Mussolini are now being mobilized under the red banner. Civil war, similar to that in Spain, is brewing right under the eyes of the Anglo-American occupation forces. If this is the first faint warning of civil war in Italy, it is important enough. But if it indicates a Communist policy throughout Europe, it is a matter of intimate concern to all of us. Read this article for first-hand, on-the-spot reporting of Communist infiltration that is more effective than occupation.

THE SCORE AT SAN FRANCISCO

Despite the widespread discussion of the San Francisco Conference, do you really know what the Charter provides? Have you any clear ideas of its powers and their limitations? John B. Whitton, Associate Professor of International Law at Princeton, has performed a much-needed task in setting down clearly and simply a sane evaluation of the Charter as a whole and of each of its main provisions. This is an article which should be read now — and then filed for permanent reference. It will add tremendously to your understanding of the discussions that are bound to arise in the future whenever the Charter crops up in the news.

THE AMERICAN MERCURY— for September— NOW ON SALE

Have the old men, recalled to their jobs by the manpower shortage, revealed our mistake in preferring the youngsters? Read Ross L. Holman's *Old Age and Industrial Efficiency*.... Did F.D.R. model his ideals and policies on Jefferson? Read his own article, *Is There a Jefferson on the Horizon?* written back in 1925.... Are we turning perfectly normal veterans, tired and nerve-shattered though they may be, into psychiatric cases? Read *Veterans Are Not Problem Children* by T/Sgt. David Dempsey.... What is a Negro singer up against? Arthur Bronson tells us in *Marian Anderson*.... Here's how you can buy an academic degree and a gorgeous diploma without study. Read Adolph E. Meyers exposé, *Diploma Mills*.... Can doctors cure arthritis? Arrest it? Make the patient more comfortable? Read *What Doctors Know About Arthritis* by W. W. Bauer, M. D.... Did you know that a snapping turtle can actually amputate a man's hand in a single bite? Alan Devoe is at his best this month in *Down to Earth*. . . . And the other regular features — *The Library*, the *Check List*, the *Open Forum*, as well as an honest, moving short story, *Line of Duty* — are at their usual high level.

Why authors write for The Mercury

Half in anger, half in jest, an author recently cried, "I'll be darned if I know why I ever write for you. You pay a tenth of what I get for an article in the mass media, and you're ten times as hard to please." He's right on both counts. Authors who write for THE MERCURY are interested primarily in having their ideas accepted. They recognize THE MERCURY'S power among the most influential thinkers in America. They want to reach THE MERCURY'S audience. THE MERCURY selects less than twenty articles each month. It rejects about 800. People who write for the sake of their ideas instead of their purses, are generally worth reading, especially the three per cent who make the grade.

Lawrence E. Spivak PUBLISHER

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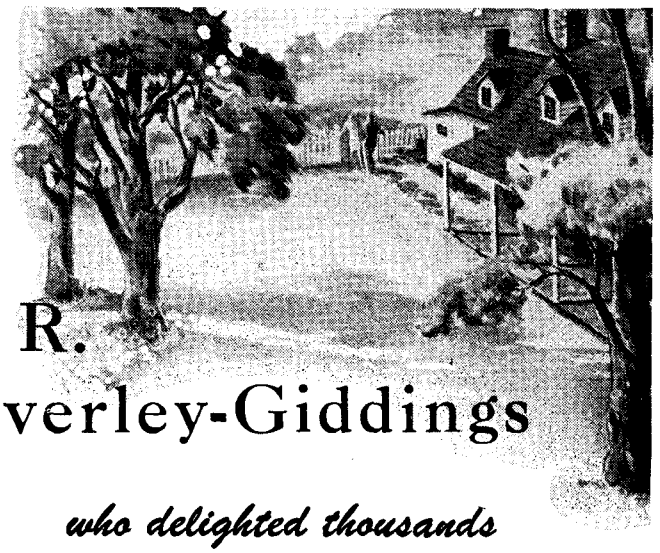

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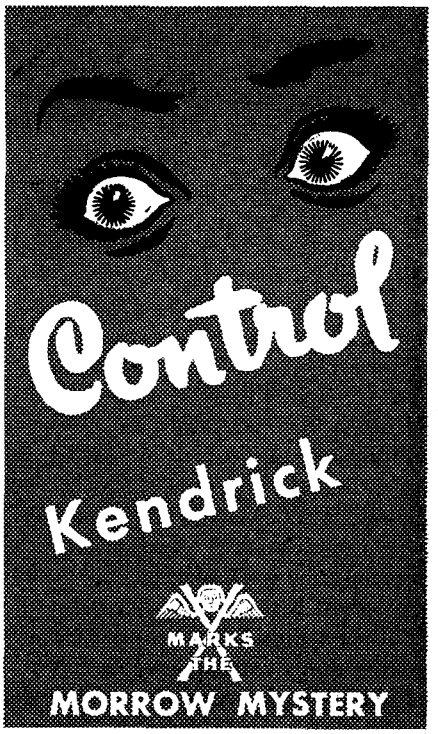

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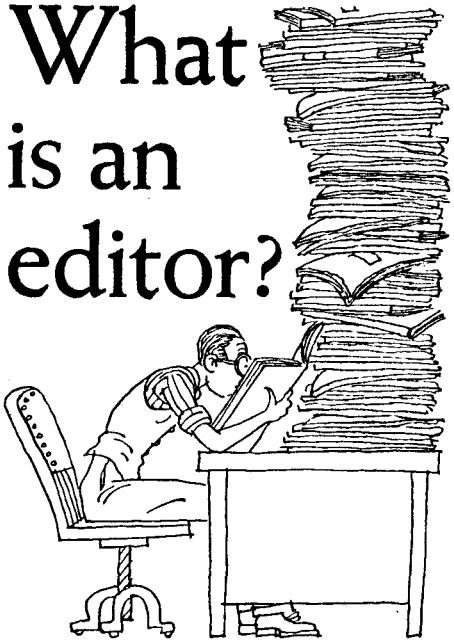
What is an editor?



A SHORT TIME AGO we wrote an SRL page about our manufacturing man and how he designs books. We doubt now that it gave you any real information (that's what he says), but anyway we were trying to convey the general idea of how good things get done by a good designer. That's just the trouble, said our M. M. We didn't say anything much except that he put his feet on the desk and let things occur to him. Didn't we know about sleepless nights with drawing boards dancing in the dark, about the dozen or more no-good trys at a title page, about figuring costs on twenty new books in one day, about jams in pressrooms, proofs going astray, bindings warping, engravings biting too deep —detail, detail, detail?

Yes, these are the unsung heroisms of a good job. In repentant thinking about our manufacturing man, we reflected on the work of some other important people on our staff. One of them just went by the door with a bulging briefcase, probably going home to get two days' work done in one night. We'll tell you the whole truth, if we can, about what an editor in a publishing house is, and what he does.

An editor is a man with a finger to the wind. He reads all important periodicals and newspapers and when he thinks a book on a certain subject is needed he tries to find the best person to write it. This might entail anything from a telephone call to a series of investigations resembling the work of the FBI.

An editor is a man who likes to read, and a good thing too. He must be on speaking terms with all notable and all best-selling books currently published. He can only read a few hundred of these books a year; therefore he scans all book review sections carefully. (There were more than 3000 trade books published in the U. S. A. in 1944.)

An editor is a man of hope. He reads from ten to fifty manuscripts in a week; less than one per cent of them is ever published by his house. He is also courageous and tactful, for he must reject the rest of those manuscripts, often face to face with the author, and give the honest reasons.

An editor is a man with a gregarious mind and a tender regard for human nature. He works sympathetically with any number of his firm's authors, no two alike, writers being more individualistic than most people.

An editor is a friend to all literary talent and thereby leads a hunted life, for his friends' friends and all their merest acquaintances besiege him with mistaken ideas of their own creative powers. But that doesn't stop him. Let him get his hands on a manuscript "with promise", or a "great" manuscript, and he is a humble and happy man. He will rack his brain to help a writer out of a dilemma with a character or a situation. He will "style" it for the printer with great care; or he will throw all style to the winds if the material demands it.

An editor is a plastic surgeon to books by "unprofessional" writers. Book-writing these days, unlike a century ago, isn't limited to people trained in literary matters. Let someone devise a new way of erecting chicken houses, or let him live six months in a Persian village, and the result is a book—full of facts, true—but not always too well written. That's where the editor comes in. It is he who cuts thousands of words of dead wood, organizes and tightens, reshapes sentences, puts in the grammar and punctuation, and still retains the author's style. It's still the author's book too, though the author often doubts it while the process is going on.

An editor is a businessman. He arranges contracts with authors and authors' agents. He has a sharp eye for second-serial and reprint possibilities for his firm's books. He wrestles with Hollywood for a good price. He has to predict sales of books, too, and when he is off by the thousands, as he often is, people accuse him of being a visionary or a liar, and not a good businessman.

An editor is a gambling man. He will recommend that his firm publish the first, the second, and even the third book by an author, knowing full well that they will lose money. The editor is putting his chips on the books his author will write a decade or more hence, and you couldn't get any side bets in Wall Street on a proposition like that. The editor must also steel himself for the author's disappointment; whatever form of reviling or despair it may take, he must comfort and encourage him.

An editor is a denizen of the reference room. He verifies all dates, quotations, and name-spellings in every book his firm publishes. He sees to it that copyrighted material is never used without formal permission. He checks bibliographies, indexes, sources of illustrations. It would be fine if he were sometimes clairvoyant, there being in every manuscript passages that could read two ways, and the editor, therefore, has only two chances. If he guesses right, the author admires his own smooth-flowing prose. If he guesses wrong, the author bemoans the ravages of the blue pencil.

An editor is something of a legal man. When writers put real people into books and then invent a story about them, it is apt to come out libel, and the editor somehow has to scent this out. There's the case of the fiction writer who called a cafe and a waitress therein by their right names but embroidered the waitress's extracurricular activities. This crime slipped past the editor in a busy season, and the book is still under injunction.

The editor is a detail man. When he isn't on the job, the heroine's eyes can change color in the course of a novel, and characters can change their names without benefit of court decision, and the *New Yorker* can add to its voluminous files testifying to the danger of infatuation with one's own words. Why, then, be an editor? There are only a few whose patient and often inspired work with talented writers has brought them, the editors, out of the anonymity of their common lot. There are more hazards, disappointments, and weary hours to this job than one likes to count.

Editors have their compensations. When our friend the manufacturing man comes upstairs with the first copy of a book that's just off the press, he's always going to the editor whose baby it is and saying, "How do you like it?" The editor reaches for it with a glint in his eye and says, "Let's see it." And they stand there, both of them admiring it, like a couple of fools.

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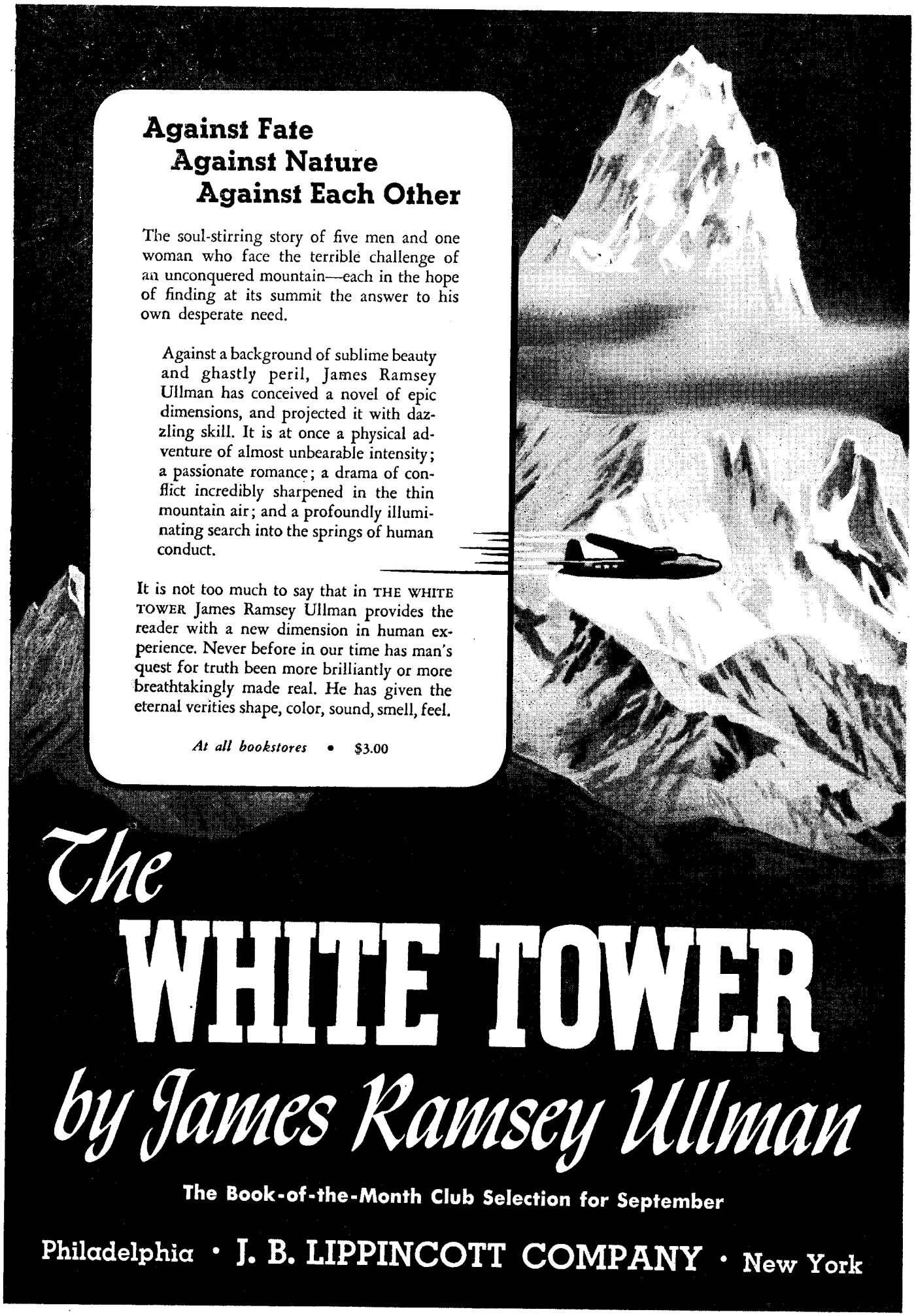
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The Saturday Review of Literature

The Mind of the Negro

Notes on the Effect of Environment Upon Intelligence

H. A. OVERSTREET

YEARS ago, when I was having my first experience of teaching Negro students in the College of the City of New York—and liking it—I recall being gently taken in hand by one of my colleagues. "Don't get too hopeful about this," he cautioned. "You'll find that these Negro students are good up to a certain point. After that, their minds seem to crumble."

For a number of years, I watched for the fatal point of crumbling, but never found it. Some of my Negro students were of average mentality; some of poor; and some of superior. They ran the mental gamut pretty much as did whites. If their records were not quite as promising, I set it down to obstacles in their environment. Every now and then I told my colleague about my impressions. "You're prejudiced in their favor," he would say. "It's been *proved* that the Negro mind is inferior to the white."

He never gave proofs, as a scientist understands proofs. He would give a rigamarole about thicker skull bones and lighter weight of brain; and he would look at me sadly, as if to say: "You poor boob; don't you know what every sane person knows?"

He stands as a symbol of the kind of dogmatic, pseudo-scientific confidence that has supported the anti-Negro prejudices of countless Americans. Decades ago, Judge Benjamin Tillman, of Georgia—who spoke with much the same voice as South Carolina's Pitchfork Ben—is reported to have delivered himself of this gem of pseudo-science and pseudo-religion:

> The Negro bears about him a birthright of inferiority that is as unalterable as eternity. He Who, in the morning of Creation, set the shifting sands as a barrier to the mad waves of the mighty deep and said, "Thus far," has also set his seal upon the Negro forever in his black skin, kinky hair, thick lips, double layer of skull, different anatomy, as well as analogy, from white men. His stupid intellect is fulfilled in prophecy, uttered thousands of years ago, but no less true today: "A servant of servants shalt thou be."

It would be easy to ridicule the Judge's patent rationalization. He wished to prove that the Negro was properly the servant of the white; and the thunderous eloquence of his verbiage was merely means to that end. But ridiculing the Judge does not alter the fact that this kind of unverified asseverating has been the foundation of most of the arguments for keeping the Negro in his place.

Fundamentally, these arguments all lead back to the assumption that the Negro is inferior to the white in mental capacity. White sentimentalists, we are told, may claim that the Negro hasn't been given a fair chance; that he has been placed in environments hurtful to his development. Much of this may be granted; yet, we are informed, it doesn't tell the whole story, for even if the Negro were given the best chances in the world, were put into the most favorable environment and treated as a social equal, it wouldn't work. The Negro, we are assured, just doesn't have the mind-stuff in him. Whether God or Nature is responsible for his mental deficiency, the fact, we are told, is as it is: he rates mentally lower than the white.

Here is the crux of the arguments *pro* and *con*. All the reasons given to bolster up the keep-the-Negro-in-his-place philosophy stem from this assumption of sub-mentality. It is asserted time and again that the Negro is a sort of ape-man, not wholly human. This is implied, writes Sterling Brown, in an "elegy for the vanishing South," by Eleanor M. Kelly, called "Monkey Motions."* In it, she "pities the helplessness of a simple jungle folk, a bandar-log, set down in the life of cities and expected to be men."

Man, we have learned to say, is a rational animal. His pride is in his mind-power. If that power is lacking, he is not fully man. With deficient mentality, he cannot take on man's responsibilities. He will be childish in situations that require mature judgment. Where dependability is needed, he will be irresponsible. Mind is the measure of man. Therefore, where the mind is seriously lacking, the full man is lacking; and where the full man is not present, responsibilities, opportunities, and rights must be scaled down to meet the sub-human capacity.

START with the assumption that the Negro does not have the full mentality requisite for a human being, and the rest of the well-known stereotypes follow: that the Negro is naturally lazy and shiftless; spendthrift; unable to plan; ignorant and stupid; unable, because of his stupidity, to do any but menial jobs; sexually loose, like an animal; at best, a rollicking, carefree savage, lovable but incapable of reaching the levels attained by whites.

These are not hate statements. They are earnestly believed to be true. Eleanor Kelly was apparently quite sure—though sadly—that the Negro is a "bandar-log"; my colleague was quite sure that the Negro's mind could only go so far; Judge Tillman honestly believed that the inscrutable God who loved the white man had given the Negro a "stupid intellect."

Has strict science anything to say on the question of the mind of the

* "Journal of Negro Education," January, 1933.

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Negro as compared with the mind of whites?

Previously to 1905 nothing could be said. It was in that year that Binet introduced his scale of intelligence tests. Before then, no instrument had been devised for accurately measuring the mind's capacity. Statements about superior or inferior intelligence of whole peoples could therefore be little more than opinions, subject to all the dangers of prejudice and wishful thinking.

The years since 1905 have been crucial for answering this question. Here at last, in the Binet scale, was an instrument that could measure the mind's capacity. As reported by Klineberg* the first attempt to measure the Negro mind by such a scale was made by A. C. Strong, in 1913.

> Four white schools and one colored school were visited, and altogether 225 white children and 125 colored children were tested. . . . On this basis it was noted that 29.4 per cent of the colored and 10.2 per cent of the white group were more than a year backward; 60.8 of the colored and 84.4 per cent of the white tested at a "satisfactory" level and 0.1 per cent of the colored and 5.3 per cent of the white were more than one year advanced. "This seems to lead to the conclusion that the colored children are mentally younger [i. e. more backward] than the white."

In the following year another psychologist—B. A. Phillips—reports a study of 137 white and 86 colored children, and concludes: "If the Binet tests are at all a gauge of mentality, it must follow that there is a difference in mentality between the colored and white children and this raises the question—"Should the two groups be instructed in the same curriculum?"

A LATER study by G. O. Ferguson, which was much quoted, concluded that the "intellectual performance of the general colored population is approximately seventy-five per cent as efficient as that of whites." In fact, the Ferguson study was quoted quite recently in a letter to *The American Scholar* by Amos R. Koontz, M.D., of San Francisco, to bolster his argument for denying equal voting rights to Negroes:

> To assume that every citizen of a democracy is capable of voting is to fly in the face of actuality and to invite disaster. It is said that the average age at which the development of intelligence is arrested lies between twelve and thirteen years. Ferguson, in a Columbia thesis, some years ago showed that the average age for the Negro is less than that for the white man.

The climax of the bad news for the Negro came during the First World War, when as a result of the testing of thousands of recruits, it was discovered that on the Alpha test (linguistic) the whites obtained a median score of 58.9; the Northern Negroes, 38.6; and the Southern Negroes 12.4. On the Beta test (non-linguistic) the score for the whites was still well ahead—43.4; with the Northern Negroes trailing along with a score of 32.5 and the Southern Negroes with the low score of 19.8.

However, the differences here indicated between Northern and Southern Negroes began to raise doubts. Might it be that cultural conditions had something to do with the scores achieved? Might it be that the tests measured not so much the native, unchangeable mentality of colored and whites as the differing opportunities accorded them to develop their mentality? These doubts were strengthened when it was discovered that literate colored recruits from the Northern states of Illinois, New York, and Ohio rated higher than *white* literate recruits from the Southern states of Mississippi, Kentucky, Arkansas, and Georgia. Thus the median Army Alpha score of

colored recruits from Ohio was 49.50, while the median score of white recruits from Mississippi was 41.25.

Pursuing this lead, a number of investigations were made to check on what improvement in environment seemed to do to Negroes. The most striking of these investigations, as reported by Klineberg, were nine separate ones, representing altogether 3,081 Negro children in the Harlem schools. The assumption underlying these investigations was that if environment has an effect upon the intelligence score "this should show itself in a gradual improvement . . . roughly proportionate to the length of time during which the superior environment has had a chance to operate." The results were astonishing in what they revealed. "Almost without exception they agree in showing that the lowest scores are obtained by the groups which have most recently arrived from the South."

There remained, however, still a doubt. These higher scores might simply mean that the more intelligent Negroes moved from the South to the North in search of better opportunities. Such selective migration, then, might account for the higher scores of Northern Negroes. A number of investigations were made to check on this point, with the result, as Klineberg states, that "there is no clear evidence for selective migration. There is, on the other hand, definite evidence that exposure to a superior environment effects an unmistakable rise in the test scores, and that this rise is in general proportionate to the length of exposure to such superior environment."

WITH the tests thus beginning to turn in favor of the Negro, doubts about the accuracy of those earlier anti-Negro conclusions began to be entertained. Binet himself had warned that his tests "could be safely used only if the various individuals had the same, or approximately the same, environmental opportunities."

Obviously, when this warning was now carefully scrutinized, it tended to cast suspicion upon the quick conclusions drawn from the earlier tests of white and colored children. The educational and other environmental opportunities were notoriously unequal and dissimilar! The earlier testers, it was discovered, had made no careful investigation of these differences. Furthermore, it began to be realized that differences in language habits might account for differences in the scores. If the colored children lived in their own language environment, they could not be expected to react, swiftly and intelligently, to tests couched in the language of a white environment. Also there might be differences in motivation as between colored and white. What would seem significant to white children might not seem so to colored children, whose whole life-outlook was determined by a position of inferiority and humiliation in the social scale. Again, there might be differences in rapport between subjects and investigators. A white investigator might not be trusted by colored children; and their attitude of distrust might easily affect the results. Finally, differences in cultural habits and expectations might easily influence the scores.

The climax of these doubts was reached in 1930 in what was as gallant an exhibition of scientific integrity as one is likely to find. C. C. Brigham, in 1923, had written "A Study of American Intelligence." It was a report of the results obtained by the Army psychologists during the First World War. In his book Brigham strongly asserted

* "Characteristics of the American Negro," p. 28. Harpers, 1944.

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that these army tests had demonstrated beyond any doubt whatever the superiority of the intelligence of whites over that of Negroes.

The book was widely read. It became a kind of last word on the subject. Even today Brigham's conclusions are quoted as final authority.

Meanwhile the man who wrote the book had not remained idle. He became increasingly concerned about the many factors that seemed to impugn the accuracy of the conclusions drawn from the Army tests. Finally, in 1930, in an article in the *Psychological Review,* he published his careful findings. Speaking of his own interpretations of the Army-Alpha, he wrote: "As this method was used by the writer in his earlier analysis of the Army tests . . . that study with its entire hypothetical superstructure of racial differences collapses completely." And then he went on to say, speaking of his article: "This review has summarized some of the more recent test findings which show that comparative studies of various national and racial groups may not be made with existing tests, and which show, in particular, that one of the most pretentious of these comparative racial studies—the writer's own—was without foundation."

The years since Binet presented the world of science with his scales have been psychologically exciting. They have revealed psychologists acting true to scientific form: subjecting their procedures to every conceivable rigor of critical examination and drastic overhauling. Early in their use of the tests, psychologists proceeded on the assumption that the tests measured native mental capacity. But "the history of mental testing," writes Klineberg, "might from one point of view be regarded as a progressive disillusionment on this point."

It has been an honorable disillusionment, for it has led to at least one insight of surprising moment: namely, that tests of intelligence are, as often as not, tests of *what communities do to the minds of their people.*

We now know that I.Q.'s can be improved by better surroundings. A generally low test score, therefore, in any part of the country and among large numbers of its inhabitants, may merely reveal that in that region society is an enemy of its people.

When, therefore, a person today says that "science has proved that the Negroes are mentally inferior," he is stating an untruth. After more than thirty years of the most rigorous psychological testing, science has proved nothing of the sort. But it has proved convincingly that environment can make a whale of a difference to the mind of any man, black or white.

The Wallace Plan for a Healthy America

SIXTY MILLION JOBS. By Henry A. Wallace. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1945. 83 *pp.* $1. (*Also available in* $2 *edition, cloth-bound, published jointly by Reynal & Hitchcock and Simon & Schuster.*)

Reviewed by Leo Barnes

HENRY WALLACE'S program for abundance is an eloquent, frequently stirring popularization of the middle-of-the-road progressivism which, in the guise of the Full Employment Bill, is on its way to capturing official Washington. His brief, easy-to-read book is much more than an economic blueprint for sixty million jobs by 1950. It is also a passionate statement of a remarkable American's basic political, social, and personal philosophy. More than any recent work on economics or politics, it can serve as a moral testament and intellectual guide in the eventful, difficult days that lie ahead.

Secretary Wallace's goal for America is clear, unqualified, provocative. He believes we can, during the next five years, achieve sixty million jobs and an annual national output of 200 billion dollars "without a 'planned economy,' without disastrous inflation and without an unbalanced budget that will endanger our national credit." This objective is to be sharply distinguished from Sir William Beveridge's "full employment in a free society." Mr. Wallace wants not only a free society, but also one irrevocably committed to private "free enterprise." Accordingly, the job goal to be attained by 1950 is to be sought not through drastic government intervention in economic life, but by applying "ounces" of government economic stimulation in order to produce "pounds" of profit-making private business.

The mainspring of the politico-economic mechanism suggested by Mr. Wallace is a regular national full employment budget. As already embodied in the Full Employment Bill now before Congress, it would require the President to submit to Congress each January his economists' appraisal of what all consumers, all businesses, and all government units will spend in the fiscal year beginning the following July. If it seems likely that they will not spend enough to provide full employment, it would then be the duty of the President to recommend government action to close the gap between the amount of probable spending and that needed for full employment.

There are two different types of action Mr. Wallace would allow Congress to authorize. The first and preferred type involves no substantial government spending, but only devices that would stimulate businessmen or consumers to spend more. On the business side, private expenditures would be encouraged by such techniques as government guarantees of business loans at low interest rates, reduced business taxes and special incentive taxation, price floors for agricultural commodities, and government financing of export trade. On the consumer side, the major means of stimulation would be higher minimum wage floors, liberalized social security programs, elimination of most excise and sales taxes, and more progressive income taxation.

Only if stimulation of private spending by such methods failed to achieve the output required for full employment would the direct, substantial use of government funds for local and federal public works be recommended by Secretary Wallace. He paints a glowing, persuasive picture of the huge "backlog of abundance" for which government and business can spend—TVA's all over the country, wider rural electrification, millions of sorely needed low-cost homes, thousands of additional schools, hospitals and health centers, hundreds of new airports from Panama to Alaska, scores of new superhighways. Many such projects, while requiring substantial initial outlays, can eventually be made self-liquidating, with no long-run burden on the nation's taxpayers.

The dollars-and-cents cost of full employment is thus shown to be amazingly low, far less than the cost of public relief for millions of jobless. In-

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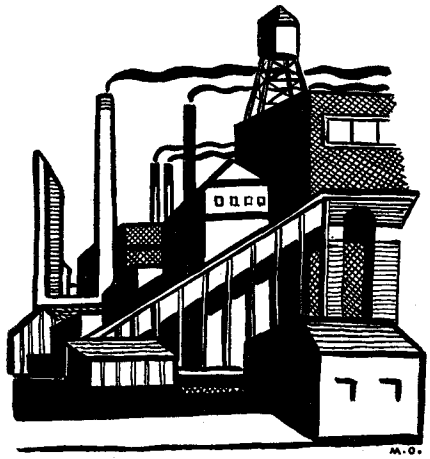
deed, says Mr. Wallace, only with sixty million jobs will it be possible to balance the federal budget at all, and begin to reduce our post-war public debt of more than 300 billion dollars. Secretary Wallace definitely does not choose to be identified with the new philosophy of the public debt which holds that the size of the national debt doesn't matter and that government deficit spending is the quickest short-cut there is to full employment.

Most liberals and progressives will acclaim "Sixty Million Jobs" with unstinted enthusiasm. But some who esteem and admire Henry Wallace will find themselves in the awkward position of having to say "Well done, sir, but not enough! Your proposals certainly constitute a big step forward which must be taken if large-scale unemployment is to be avoided. But they seem quite insufficient to achieve and maintain sixty million jobs by 1950."

To this reviewer, for example, the basic flaw of the national budget approach to full employment is its too facile equation of spending with employment. Money is homogeneous; labor and capital equipment are not. Any dollar can be spent anywhere for anything. But workers in an unregimented society are willing to do only certain kinds of work, and only in a restricted number of localities. Similarly, factories can turn out only certain types of goods. There is thus no assurance that millions spent on a public works project in the Missouri Valley will provide jobs for unemployed workers and idle factories in Connecticut. It is entirely possible to have overspending and bottlenecks in certain areas of the economy with simultaneous unemployment in other sectors.

Accordingly, it is a delusion to expect that, if there is a ten or twenty billion dollar gap between normally anticipated expenditures and the amount theoretically required for full employment, ten or twenty billions of additional spending by consumers, businessmen, or the government will of itself create full employment. As Beveridge has pointed out, adequate total outlay is only one of the conditions of full employment. The second is the controlled expansion and location of industry. The third is the organized mobility of labor from industry to industry and from locality to locality.

These three conditions mean that the initial direction and secondary repercussions of compensatory spending must be worked out carefully and specifically in terms of the types of labor and facilities currently and potentially available. The piece-by-piece *patterns* of demand and supply must be made to correspond, not merely their total monetary equivalents. This may well require far more detailed government



planning and supervision over the economy than either Mr. Wallace or many supporters of the Full Employment Bill seem willing to admit.

Staunch advocates of full employment must, therefore, be prepared for the eventuality that something more than ounces of government stimulation will be required to produce pounds of needed employment. A national full employment budget is not so magical a catalyst. It may often take a quarter or half a pound of active government participation in the economy to create a pound of jobs.

This prospect of more government supplementation of private enterprise than Mr. Wallace, as Secretary of Commerce, is ready to accept does not imply that, by accepting it, we must foreswear a free society. To the contrary, thoroughgoing government controls over the economy that serve to achieve full employment are surely more conducive to a free society than ineffective peripheral actions which do not. In the coming crusade for full employment, progressives should not for a moment forget that the failure of half-hearted measures may permanently discredit liberalism. The result of such failure may well be either reversion to the "boom and bust" free enterprise dogma of the twenties or exposure to the germs of even more dangerous totalitarianism.

Leo Barnes is an economist specializing in industrial problems. He is affiliated with the Research Institute of America.

Jews on the Fighting Fronts

THE FIGHTING JEW. By Ralph Nunberg. New York: Creative Age Press Inc. 1945. 295 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by HENRY B. KRANZ

HERE is the accurate and persuasive story of the fighting Jew from the times of the Roman Empire to our days. It is no footnoted tract. Mr. Nunberg tells in simple, touching words of Josephus, Bar Kochba, the Maccabeans, of David Salisbury Franks (Benedict Arnold's adjutant), Uria P. Levy who was Commodore in the U. S. Navy, and of the Jews who received the Congressional Medal of Honor in the Civil War. He speaks of Napoleon's friend, Marshall Andrea Massena, of Joseph Trumpeldor, the hero of Port Arthur and Palestine, and of the British Brigadier General Kish. Climaxing his story is a vividly written account of the battle put up by 40,000 Jews in the Warsaw Ghetto against the Nazis in May and June 1944—all but a few were killed.

This book had to be written although the debunking of a two-thousand-year-old legend, that of Jewish cowardice today, in this country, would seem to be unnecessary. According to available statistics the population of the United States includes 3.6 per cent Jews of whom five per cent are in the armed forces. Jewish soldiers have been wherever the American flag waved, at Pearl Harbor and Okinawa, in Africa, Italy, France, and Germany. Sergeant Meyer Levi, Major General Maurice Rose are but two names out of thousands which will not soon be forgotten here, nor will the thousands of heroes be forgotten in Great Britain, France, Australia, and Russia who fought and died for a great cause. How did this affect the Jewish problem? Anti-Semitism, we are warned, is rapidly increasing in the United States, and is increasing in England, France, Italy, even in Czechoslovakia. Astonishing?

This reviewer remembers a discussion in Berlin in 1920 between newspapermen and artists. It was generally agreed that the war had greatly helped to solve the Jewish problem in Germany. No longer—they thought—would any German dare to accuse Jews of being cowards. They pointed out that there had been more than 100,000 Jews in the German Army, 17.7 per cent of the Jewish population. The "Aryan" Germans had sent only sixteen per cent. Fifteen thousand German Jews (fifteen per cent) had been killed while only fourteen per cent of the other Germans had failed to return. Only few of the men at the table were skeptical. But they were Zionists and Zionists are rather pessimistic whenever any solution of the Jewish problem besides Palestine is mentioned. Well—anti-Semitism increased in Germany and Hitler came. Books like "The Fighting Jew" were not read in Germany. In this country, among many, a Senator from Mississippi might be an appreciative reader.

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A Backward Glance at the League

THE KILLING OF THE PEACE. By Alan Cranston. New York: The Viking Press. 1945. 304 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

RISING in the Senate to make his first prepared address since that body had received the Versailles Treaty, Henry Cabot Lodge on August 12, 1919, began with a reference to Charles Lamb. One of the most delightful parts of the "Essays of Elia," he remarked, dealt with "Popular Fallacies." "There is one very popular fallacy, however, which Lamb did not include in his list and that is the common saying that history repeats itself." The statement that World War I, if the League died, would be followed by World War II, was—Lodge went on—pure tosh; unmitigated nonsense. "We are told that we shall 'break the heart of the world' if we do not take this League just as it stands. I fear that the hearts of the vast majority of mankind would beat on strongly and steadily and without any quickening if the League were to perish altogether." Lodge little thought that, when history *did* repeat itself, when World War II followed World War I and when America was once more involved in the bloody struggle, his words would be recalled as a painful and ironic commentary on his lack of statesmanship.

It is not necessary now to gird at Lodge; in the recent Senate debate on the United Nations Charter none was so mean as to do him reverence. But there is a great deal in the struggle over the League Covenant, both inside and outside Washington, which still repays a backward glance. Of analytical treatments of Woodrow Wilson's work and the means used by a Senate minority to destroy it we now have a considerable shelf; the best book written from the Wilsonian point of view probably being D. F. Fleming's, and the best from the opposing standpoint (or at least from a very critical standpoint) being Thomas A. Bailey's. This volume by Mr. Cranston, an experienced newspaper correspondent who occupied an important post in the O.W.I. before entering the Army, is not analytical. It is pure narrative, and is in fact cast in day-to-day diary form. It begins, in essentials, with Theodore Roosevelt's call of October 24, 1918, for Senatorial repudiation of the Fourteen Points "in their entirety"; it ends on March 19, 1920, with the final Senate vote rejecting the Versailles Treaty.

By his diary form, Mr. Cranston obviously loses much, but he also gains

—*Cassel in the* New York Evening World

Why Wait Till 1920! [1919.]

something. He loses "coherence," the opportunity to mass his material about vital points, and all the higher elements of literary form. But he gains a certain immediacy and vividness that give his book vitality and interest, and his strict attention to chronology builds up a suspense that is lacking in topical history. Needless to say, Mr. Cranston has sought far and wide for his material, and has presented it with enough selectivity to avoid giving us a mere jumble of facts. In certain sections, indeed, he has so arranged his diary-chronicle that it falls into a neat pattern. Take the series of headings, for the dates running from November 5, 1918, to February 19, 1918, which covers the formation of the irreconcilable Republican conspiracy against the League. They include: "Chairman Henry Cabot Lodge"; "Wilson Has No Authority. . . ."; "A Secret Memorandum"; "We Shall Win"; "A Council of War"; "Lodge and the *Chicago Tribune*"; "Lodge Outlines the Strategy"; "Senator Jim Watson Accepts an Assignment"; "Borah and Johnson for the Defense"; "A Frankenstein and a Farce"; "Scapegoat No. 1—A British League." All this presents a fairly continuous story; and interwoven with it is the story of Wilson's early adventures in Europe.

Mr. Cranston's publishers tell us that: "Anyone who thinks he knows the story of the League fight will be astonished to reread the record today. It reads like a murder story—murder involving the lives and hopes of millions." The chief fault of the book, once we accept its primitive design, is that it does make sober history read rather too much like the narrative of a vast E. Phillips Oppenhein-Francis Beeding crime. In making up a running diary of this sort, certain complexities, intricacies, and fine shadings have to be omitted. But the author, using materials as old as the newspapers of 1918 and as recent as Stephen Bonsal's book, has presented much that is worth remembering in a form that is equally convenient for casual reading or for reference. He has dug up many a little-known item about all the half-incredible figures of the melodrama—Bullitt, Jim Watson, Albert Fall, Borah, Colonel Harvey, Moses, Brandegee, Hearst, Medill McCormick; and he has put down most of the vital facts in their due order. For a study presenting the deeper relationships of facts and forces we shall have to look elsewhere, but Mr. Cranston has given us a useful and lively piece of narrative.

Alarum

By Lawrence P. Spingarn

IT is time again. I leave the town,
Drawn forth by the burning of the trees;
No other follows my footsteps down
Those flaming paths. I go where I please.

No sirens sound, so I look behind,
Seeing staid elms, a careful steeple,
But out of sight is out of the mind:
Town is enjoyed by the stolid people.

Yet the fires rage, and my feet will scorch
If I stand long under any tree
I must find whose hand applied this torch
To the slumbering woods so guilefully.

I must pump all hope to quench my doubt
That the summer will survive this spite,
For my dawdling townsmen put flames out
With the snowflakes of a winter night.

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An American Exiled to America

FLIGHT FROM CHINA. By Edna Lee Booker with John S. Potter. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1945. 236 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by JOHN GOETTE

SHANGHAI in 1920 was a city of glamor to the newly arrived Edna Lee Booker. She came representing an American news service with the additional job of reporting for a local English-language paper. It was Old Amah, the Chinese maid, who launched the bewildered American girl into Shanghai's social whirl.

> "Missie," Old Amah said quietly that first afternoon, "My think so you no got so many dress. Any Shanghai missie have got plenty piece. Wanchee tennis dress, rideehorse dress, tea-dance dress, plenty more dinner-party dress. My can talk one ve-ry good tailor come sew-sew."

Old Amah did talk both mistress and tailor into the creation of a surprising wardrobe. She likewise badgered her mistress on the point of her maidenly status. There was no relief until John S. Potter, an American real estate broker, took Miss Booker as his wife. Thus this readable book was born in the lively experiences of Miss Booker from 1920 until she left China on orders from Washington in 1940. John Potter carries the story from there with his intimate account of Japanese encroachments upon American interests in Shanghai, his subsequent internment by the enemy, and finally his repatriation to the United States on the second voyage of the exchange-ship *Gripsholm.*

Miss Booker journeyed to civil wars and watched two Japanese battles in the streets of Shanghai; she talked with Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek and with the Soong sisters, managing also to present John Potter with a son and daughter, much to the delight of Old Amah who at once took charge.

The time came for a summer holiday in the former British naval port of Weihaiwei after the Japanese were in occupation. The Potters were fearful, but Old Amah settled the issue. "Maskee Jap soldier man, Missie. He no trouble Melicanman. Melica have got plenty face. Have got more big ship, more big gun. Plenty more good can fightee. Jap soldier man too muchee fear Melican man."

Old Amah held to this supreme faith although she and her mistress saw Americans slapped, Chinese treated brutally and forced to join mass meetings under banners denouncing their American friends. It was simple Chinese faith as pictured so well by Miss Booker which enabled them to hang on for eight years until we eventually did get round to "fightee good."

However, in 1940, we at home were not yet of a mind to stand and fight. Washington preferred flight from

China for our women and children. With hundreds of others went a rueful Edna Lee Booker, leaving her husband behind in Shanghai.

John Potter writes the story from Pearl Harbor onward. From his room in the Shanghai Club he looked down on the Japanese flagship *Idzumu* whose flashing guns set the British gunboat *Petrel* in flames. He saw the Stars and Stripes hauled down on the surrendered *U.S.S. Wake.*

Japanese gendarmes told him and his compatriots, "You are enemies in Japan's hands, and you must obey Japan's orders." Although Mr. Potter was not imprisoned, the shadow was always over him as other Americans disappeared into the horrors of the infamous Bridge House. It was February 1943, before he was marched through the streets along with American, British, and Dutch men to be confined in a ramshackle factory building.

This was his lot until a second but happier march began on December 19, 1943, ending in a jammed compartment, five decks down, on the repatriation ship, *Teia Maru,* which carried the Americans to Goa in India. There the transfer was made to the *Gripsholm* for the voyage back via South Africa and Rio. Mr. Potter gives his diary of this 21,000 mile journey.

Miss Booker, in the final chapter, confesses the nostalgia of her family and friends among the "Old China Hands" exiled in this country. All intend to return, for, as she says, "They are convinced that the Sino-American friendship which has matured in this war will crystallize in the years which follow the victorious peace and they desire to do their part in promoting that peace."

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

SONGS AND THEIR SINGERS

Each of the characters in this week's quiz is closely associated with a particular song. How many of the singers can you identify? Allowing 5 points for each one you can name, and another 5 for either the story in which he appears or the author who created him, a score of 60 is par, 70 is very good, 80 or better is excellent. Answers are on page 25.

1. Every time he came home this singing waiter would start warbling "Molly Malone" as he came up the stairs, while his wife would try to get the door opened before he finished the verse.
2. This retired pirate was fond of roaring out an old sea-chanty that began: "Fifteen men on the dead man's chest——Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!"
3. In light-hearted moments throughout her life this pioneer woman would sing a ballad called "The Lady of the Lea."
4. Never once hitting the right note, this tone-deaf artist's model sought to entertain her new acquaintances with a horrible rendition of "Ben Bolt."
5. To a tune of his own invention he sang a song variously titled "Haddocks' Eyes," "The Aged Aged Man," "Ways and Means," and "A-sitting on a Gate."
6. When a prima donna failed to appear at a musicale, this guest did some pinch-hitting and not only electrified the audience but also won the love of the hero by singing "The Rosary."
7. This idle lout composed and sang a song called "The Three Pigeons" in honor of the tavern in which he spent most of his time.
8. On her annual holiday from the silk factory she wandered around caroling "God's in his heaven, all's right with the world!" and other tunes which influenced her listeners.
9. This invisible spirit lured along a shipwreck victim by singing "Full fathom five thy father lies."
10. To cheer up her old father she sang a melancholy song that he was fond of, called "When Lovely Woman Stoops to Folly."

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The Coming Revolution Within Man

EUROPEAN MANIFESTO. By Pierre de Lanux. New York: Creative Age Press. 1945. 162 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by VARIAN FRY

THERE are some people who live in a world of dreams in which their wishes are instantly fulfilled and from which everything unpleasant or contrary to their hopes is rigidly excluded. And there are others who write books in anticipation of expected events and rush them into print in an effort to beat their competitors to the market, only to have their expectations belied when the anticipated events fail to transpire.

To which of these groups Pierre de Lanux belongs each reader of his latest book will have to decide for himself. But that he belongs to one or the other seems undeniable. For the assumption of his book appears to be that out of this war has come a United Europe, a federation of the ten liberated nations, formed by their Undergrounds in unanimous decisions which "resemble strangely the decision of the American colonies, to unite for the common defense of their freedom and the pursuit of happiness."

I have not misunderstood, nor have you. This is not what Mr. de Lanux says *might* have happened or seemed at one time *likely* to happen, or *ought* to have happened, as a result of the war. It is what he claims actually *has* happened, not in his own imagination, or in the hopes of Europeans, but in the world of hard reality.

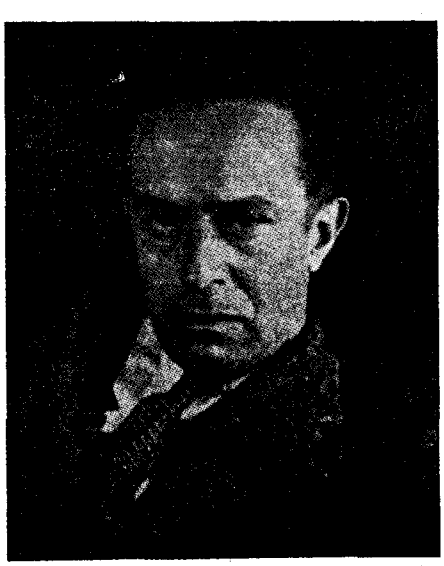
> The old Europe is gone [he writes]. The Europe of many unrelated and rival "sovereign" units could not last, and Hitler has proved it by destroying it piecemeal. . . . The Third Europe has been born through insurrection, as most countries have been born. We had thought about it. We had planned it before it was ready. The insurgents have made it. . . . Now solidarity has been achieved through vital common experience.

This Third Europe is so firmly established, apparently, that it constitutes the world's fifth great power, for "Today there are, in effect, five great powers who having fought the war against their common enemies are committed to the task of preserving the world's many civilizations. They are the British Empire, China, Liberated Europe, Russia, and the United States!"

Those of us who read the newspapers pretty closely may wonder why no one but Mr. de Lanux has so far noticed the existence of this fifth great power. Indeed we may conclude that if Mr. de Lanux is right, all the reporters who have been working so hard to tell us what has been happening in Europe since the end of hostilities with Germany might just as well never have crossed the Atlantic. For they have obviously completely overlooked one of the biggest events in European history since the disappearance of the Holy Roman Empire.

The solution of the riddle lies, I think, in Mr. de Lanux's sources, and in the fact that he wrote his book before Germany had surrendered. His amazing conclusions are based on a leading article which appeared in the French Underground newspaper *Combat* last December, and on "many conversations with men who have come directly from inside Europe; I have listened to leaders, heard news from the occupied countries, and read many documents from their uncensored papers. They all agree. The old Europe is gone." Etc., etc.

In the hopes of many members of the various undergrounds, in the high period when the victory of the United Nations was assured but not yet achieved, the old Europe *had* gone, and would be replaced by a Europe united pretty much as Mr. de Lanux says it has been. But much has happened since then, and none of it has been as the undergrounds hoped it would be. Today there is bitterness and disillusionment everywhere in Europe; and there is less unity than there ever was. In a certain sense it was appropriate that the fate of Europe should have been decided at Potsdam by the leaders of three extra-European states. For Europe as a political entity simply does not exist, and until the nations of Europe unite for the common defense of their freedom, they will not have much freedom.



Pierre de Lanux erroneously assumes "that out of this war has come a United Europe."

Mr. de Lanux goes on to say that the purpose of his book is to examine "the relations of this initial federation of ten to the remaining European nations" and to Great Britain and Russia. But as the "initial federation" does not exist, despite the testimony of *Combat* and Mr. de Lanux's informants, the discussion could hardly fail to have a somewhat academic flavor. Nevertheless there are certain aspects of it which are perhaps worth mentioning, if only as further indications of the author's tendency to believe or state as accomplished fact what he thought would be accomplished fact by the time his book appeared—whichever the case may be.

As Mr. de Lanux is a Frenchman, it is perhaps not surprising that his judgment of the Germans should be particularly harsh, and his opinion of the French correspondingly high. But it *is* surprising to find a Frenchman advocating the confiscation of all private property in Germany, on the grounds that "every German property-owner [is] guilty *of association with the crook.*" (The italics are Mr. de Lanux's.) For, as he rightly says (elsewhere in the book), "what characterizes the French attitude is . . . their attachment to *personal* rights." Comfortable though it must be for a Frenchman to believe it, it is apparently not true after all that "fighting for French liberties and fighting for universal human rights" are "practically one and the same," as Mr. de Lanux says they are. Unless, of course, Germans are not humans. . . .

Other students of international affairs may think it a trifle extravagent to claim, as Mr. de Lanux does, that "Mr. Walter Lippmann, Mr. Sumner Welles . . . know all there is to know about world affairs." But wouldn't it be nice if it were really likely that "The present war will be defined by history as the final climax in the long conflict of two ideas—world empire and world republic?" Only who besides Mr. de Lanux believes that it will be? Mr. Walter Lippmann, Mr. Sumner Welles?

Toward the very end of his book Mr. de Lanux makes a confession. "At this time," he writes, "the reader may perceive that what I see growing ahead of us is revolution. . . . I mean revolution within man himself which will leave him different from what he was . . . a revolution which I believe *has already taken place* [italics his], only the news of it is not in the papers. . . ."

With the last statement, at least, I can *heartily* agree. Though such a revolution is certainly desperately needed, the news of it, like the news of Mr. de Lanux's Federal Europe, has *not* been in the papers.

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To You, Endless Announcements

An Imaginary Conversation

M. M. FLOOD

Scene: A Hill-top, a tree, and North, East, South, and West, America.

Enter: A sturdy old man with a white beard, who is certainly Walt Whitman and, from the opposite direction, a young man with large and beautiful eyes who might be William Saroyan. They speak only in words taken from their books.

WHITMAN

Stranger, if you passing meet me and desire to speak to me, why should you not speak to me?
And why should I not speak to you?
Whoever you are. To you, endless announcements.

SAROYAN

One way or another will be all right with me, only let each side speak out honestly.

WHITMAN

I wear my hat as I please indoors and out. Walt Whitman, a kosmos, of Manhattan the son.

SAROYAN

I am of Frisco, the fog, the foghorns, the ocean, the hills, the sand dunes, the melancholy of the place, my beloved city.

WHITMAN

I will salute courteously every city large and small.
I sing not with reference to a day, but with reference to all days.

SAROYAN

I talk about Monday Tuesday Wednesday Thursday Friday Saturday Sunday Monday January February March April May June July August September October November December January everywhere.

WHITMAN

Behold this swarthy face, these gray eyes,
This beard, the white wool unclipt upon my neck,
My brown hands and the silent manner of me.

SAROYAN

This is no world in which to be quiet. It is essential for me to stick pins in pompous balloons.

WHITMAN

Whoever you are, how can
I but offer you divine leaves, that you may also be eligible as I am?
We are those two natural and nonchalant persons.
Sit awhile dear son,
Here are biscuits to eat and here is milk to drink.

SAROYAN

I am a story-teller, and I have but a single story—man.

WHITMAN

I do not offer the old smooth prizes, but offer rough new prizes.
I do not say these things for a dollar or to fill up the time while I wait for a boat.
This is the city and I am one of the citizens,
Whatever interests the rest interests me, politics, wars, markets, newspapers, schools, real estate and personal estate.

SAROYAN

This is your world and it is my world, and it is not real estate, and not nations, and not governments; it is this accidental place of mortality; it is this pause in time and space. It is this chance to breathe, to walk, to see, to eat, to sleep, to love, to laugh. It belongs to this mangled tribe, this still unborn God, man.

WHITMAN

There is something that comes to me now and perpetually.
It is not what is printed, preach'd, discussed, it eludes discussion and print.
It is for you whoever you are.

SAROYAN

I believe in everything, I have all the faith in the world, in the undernourished and overworked, the weary and diseased and haunted. I think they can be fed, rested, healed, made whole again.

WHITMAN

Of every hue and caste am I, of every rank and religion,
A farmer, mechanic, artist, gentleman; sailor, quaker. . . .
Through me many long dumb voices,
Voices of the diseas'd and despairing. . . .
This is the meal equally set, this is the meat for natural hunger,
It is for the wicked just the same as the righteous,
I make appointments with all.
I speak the pass word primeval, I give the sign of democracy,
By God! I will accept nothing which all cannot have on the same terms.

SAROYAN

I want to speak a more universal language. The heart of man, the unwritten part of man, that which is eternal and common to all races.

WHITMAN

Shoulder your duds, dear son, and I will mine and let us hasten forth,
Wonderful cities and free nations we shall fetch as we go.
. . . Are you he who would assume a place to teach or be a poet here in the states?
Have you studied out the land, its idioms and men?
The proof of a poet shall be sternly deferred till his country
Absorbs him as affectionately as he has absorb'd it.

SAROYAN

I am trying to restore man to his natural dignity and gentleness. I want to restore man to himself. I want to send him from the mob to his own body and mind. I want to lift him from the nightmare of history to the calm dream of his own soul, the true chronicle of his kind.

WHITMAN

For the great Idea,—the idea of perfect and free individuals,
For that, the bard walks in advance, leader of leaders,
The attitude of him cheers slaves and horrifies foreign despots.
Without extinction is Liberty, . . .
They live in the feelings of young men and the best women,
Not for nothing have the indomitable

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heads of the earth been always ready to fall for Liberty.

SAROYAN

This earth, the face of one who lived, the form without the weight, weeping upon snow, white music, the magnified flower twice the size of the universe, black clouds, the caged panther staring, deathless space, Mr. Eliot with rolled sleeves baking bread, Flaubert and Guy de Maupassant, a wordless rhyme of early meaning, Finlandia, mathematics highly polished and slick as a green onion to the teeth, Jerusalem, the path to paradox.

WHITMAN

Come, I will make the continent indissoluble,
I will make the most splendid race the sun ever shone upon,
I will make divine magnetic lands,
With the love of comrades,
With the life-long love of comrades.

SAROYAN

O swift moment of life: it is ended, the earth is again new.

WHITMAN

A camerado close! O you and me at last, and us two only.

SAROYAN (aside)

Now I am beginning to feel guilty and incompetent. I have used all this language and I am beginning to feel that I have said nothing. This is what drives a young writer out of his head, this feeling that nothing is being said.

WHITMAN

Americanos! conquerors! marches humanitarian!
Foremost! century marches! Libertad! masses!
For you a programme of chants.

SAROYAN

Any ordinary journalist would have been able to put the whole business into a three-word caption.

WHITMAN

What do you seek so pensive and silent?
What do you need camerado?
Dear son do you think it is love?

SAROYAN

I see very clearly, and as soon as I earn enough money to buy a saw and a hammer and a piece of lumber I shall do my best to make a simple chair or a shelf for books.

WHITMAN

I will paint companionship thick as trees along all the rivers of America.

SAROYAN

Good-bye!

(*Exits running.*)

Bibliography: Whitman's "Leaves of Grass," "Starting from Paumanok."
Saroyan's "The Trouble with Tigers," "The Daring Young Man on the Flying Trapeze," "Peace, It's Wonderful."

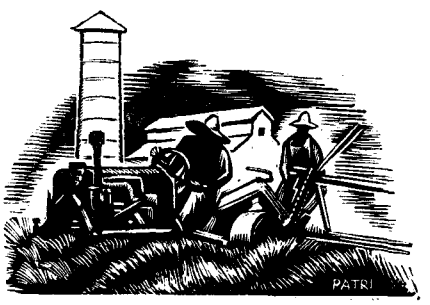
Finding the Cooperative Way

OURSELVES, INC. By Leo R. Ward. New York: Harper & Bros. 1945. 236 pp. $2.50.

Reviewed by HAROLD FIELDS

DR. LEO R. WARD, Professor of Ethics at the University of Notre Dame, boarded a bus somewhere in Ohio and started on a trip to some of the coöperatives in the Midwestern part of the country. This book is the story of his observations and deductions.

The author covered coöperatives functioning as retailing, manufacturing, and wholesale plants. He saw the organizations that the Bohemians had begun in mining sections, the stores that were set up by the Finns in farming districts, and the coöperatives that were established in cities and rural communities by laborers and



professional persons. But it was not the aspect of saving money and insuring quality that interested him as much as did the potential ethical and religious extensions of the movement. If we can have coöperative action in commerce, he queries, why not cooperative attitudes in life? Coöperative stores and wholesale businesses and factories are, to him, essentially a tangible means of reaching higher scriptural ideals. He conceives coöperatives as devices for teaching pragmatically the brotherhood of man. Such a thesis is sound, but in its development in this book, its cogency is lost because of the undue consideration given to the dollars and cents element, and the inadequate attention and comment to such correlatives as recreation, education, service, etc.,—for although the latter are referred to, they are not sufficiently stressed as qualities of coöperatives in practice. The Rochedale Plan, the original of the coöperatives that was started in 1844, was economic, materialistic, and money-saving in its primary purpose. But it also encompassed programs of education, recreation, and worship. Cooperatives, however, in the popular mind, have come to mean elimination of the profit plan, and that, argues the author, must give way to the broader program of brotherhood relationship as a logical outcome.

This topic is a timely one just now. The growing labor movement on the Continent and increase in coöperatives, the extending importance of the movement in the United States, the almost certain efforts by returning veterans to increase real wages, are reasons why every study of the coöperative movement merits earnest consideration. Here, in this volume, are presented significant instances of the growth of these coöperatives. But although Dr. Ward gives clear examples of the favorable attitudes and experiences of members, he does not refer in adequate degree to the problems involved in their establishment. Specific references to such obstacles as the violent opposition of private entrepreneurs, chain store systems, company stores, and antagonistic legislators, would have enriched the composite picture presented. With a few relatively brief exceptions and an underemphasis on their importance, there is little reference to this important chapter in the history of the coöperatives in the various areas where Dr. Ward traveled.

It is when the religious aspect is stressed that the book appears to veer from its jacket description of "The Story of Consumer Free Enterprise." I find nothing to cavil over in this objective; Dr. Ward's dramatization of the human values of coöperatives is sound. It is the confusion of economic appraisal and godly outcomes that together fail to constitute a proper development of the subject. In one chapter he poses the question, "What have coöps to do . . . with religion and morals?" and answers it later in terms of encyclicals and statements made by Popes Pius XI, XII, and XIII. Predicating the worth of the movement on the basis of spiritual concepts is a valid and logical measurement of one of its values, but the great contribution of the movement lies in its social significance and not in any one phase.

Its economic contribution is constantly stressed in this book, however. The facts that are presented are puissant, the values of the movement are clearly set forth, the figures (although arrived at too frequently on the basis of assumption instead of real statistics) are impressive, but always there is the centifugal departure into realms of spiritual and religious connotations. I would rather that the author had developed the latter thought exclusively than to have attempted to make it an outgrowth of an otherwise well-written economic treatise. The book would have been better had it constituted either an economic study or a religious study; not both.

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Strictly Personal

HOW NOT TO BECOME A CLICHÉ EXPERT

NO one uses words as constantly and as publicly as the newspaperman. He writes or prepares to write stories or columns or editorials or headlines all day long. Words are his tools and he uses them rapidly and boldly. Sometimes he uses them with precision and originality. He is, in that case, the kind who rereads with reverence Lincoln's use of *assuage* in the letter to the Civil War mother whose grief at the loss of her sons he sought to ease; or who shudders every time another *cesspool of iniquity rears its ugly head* in his paper. He is, in his special way, an educated man.

Too often, however, he exists only on those papers which are good enough to appreciate him. There aren't enough such papers. There are too many which permit a Navy ship to be *literally disembowelled;* why are figurative bowels always literally torn out?

Buildings are *literally* gutted by blasts, holocausts, and raging infernos. Afterwards, even if there is no blood, they are *a shambles*. Rains are torrential downpours. Hurricanes rip through the countryside, and floods sweep through the towns. Things are always being *completely* annihilated. Brides are radiant in this dress and lovely in that one, and frequently plan

to *reside* someplace instead of just live there. Moreover, they seem, like horses, to be more concerned, in the newspapers, with grooms than with bridegrooms.

Their houses are homes, even when empty: the good old solid objective Germanic *house* gives way to the sleazy and sentimental Germanic *home*.

"Education" does not mean education merely in words, but for a newspaperman education in words ought to be elemental, and a primary part of a general and extensive education —one both of knowledge and of attitude. There are, indeed, too many editors whose education in words stops with facility and clarity in using them. Sometimes the facility stops short even of clarity. JONES HITS FISH SALE BAN REPEALER may be facile, but it is murky.

Yet formal education (and not only in words) is still under suspicion in many a newsroom. Not so much on those big and proud papers where scholarship is important, but too much on the run-of-the-mill paper, which seems constantly to be preoccupied with something else, called "practical" education.

This preoccupation is a kind of curse. *Practical* ought to go on any newspaper's periodical list of banned words. It can mean nothing. Seriously ill, you want a registered nurse, not a practical nurse. In government, all the voice of certain citizens to the contrary notwithstanding, you might well wonder whether those vocal ones understand that practical men at Washington can mean uneducated men, untrained men: *i.e.,* incompetent men.

Practical newspapermen wrote "Jones-Smith Wedding Told" and "Two Men Charged in Meat Theft" and "Mrs. Effie Williams Critical at Hospital." It was a practical sports editor who spoke of the *crucical* World Series game of the season.

Practical newspapermen are using some of the words I once wrote about here: cop, nab, thug, quiz, probe, hoodlum, mob, parley, sex fiend, aide, temblor. When "Governor Refuses Election to Fill Johnson's Place" someone ought to ask practical desk men how an election can be *refused*. Slay, boost, drive, exposé, protest; huge, big and great; blast and blasted, youth (as a noun), all ought to come under the pencil of a word controller in the news-room, at least for certain punitive periods.*

*In England, Cyril Connolly proposes (*Harper's*, July, 1945) appointment of a Word Controller by the government. He would cancel licenses of all using *vital*, and would suspend *serious consideration, island fortress,* and *new* for six months. Lists of clichés would be brought up to date constantly, "with a scale of fines posted on every noticeboard." That's for everybody, not just newspapermen; but it is obvious that the terms which enrage him are newspaperisms, adopted into the speech of politicians and statesmen and the military.

Many newspapermen are aware that there is an unflagging *crucicality* in words. Good desk men struggle to get a lot of thought into a little space, often with ludicrous results that may arise from pressure or laziness but which come from ignorance, too.

If newspapers are suspicious of formal education in general, they are even more suspicious of specialized education, as a part of a liberal education, for newspaper work. Says one in an editorial:

> Most practical newsroom heads long ago discovered that it is easier to train a high school graduate to handle news, than to untrain a journalism graduate. . . . Schools of journalism are washouts so far as

> training young people for actual work in newspaper offices is concerned. The statement is made out of experience, after having employed one hundred or so of the graduates of one of the best schools in the United States.

These do not seem to me to be the words of a man of sense and humility —who is the right kind of man, and the kind who usually has respect for education. Nor do they appear to represent the belief of all editors. The managing editor of *The Baltimore Evening Sun* went to Columbia not long ago to get an early choice of men and women receiving the master's degree from the Graduate School of Journalism that season, and professors of journalism are made happy every year by calls from editors in their territories for their graduates.

Prospective newspapermen with good minds and stamina ought to profit by going to college. It ought to make them better editors. They will gain something which only the university can bring to most of us, not only in awareness to the danger in words, in which education never ends, but in awareness generally. I submit that the most able person, on the whole, will be he who formally studies what he is getting ready to do, in newspaper work as in anything else.

Journalism schools are not all they

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ought to be. Some of them are full of fluff, teaching public relations, radio work, and "how to teach" journalism, and calling them all journalism. Maybe the word controller ought to get after *journalism* itself; but it is handy. In any case, the colleges will have a hard time bettering their standards without the support of the newspapers. If there are journalism instructors who have never worked on a newspaper, and departments of journalism which are the playhouses of their campuses, then the country's editors should go after them and see that they become respectable. But blanket condemnation is not the way. Editors should be willing to respect and help and even sit at the feet of those schools which increasingly have serious purpose and real scholarship, for it is not true that, because college journalism has faults, it has no value. As well say the same thing about all higher education. It does have faults, but it does also have value.

You can't become a newspaperman just by going to college. You become one yourself. College can't do it all. Ordinarily, you will be a better editor for having been educated, even if college and schools of journalism could conceivably ruin an occasional person who might otherwise do well enough in a newsroom. But it is dangerous to say college ruined So-and-So, for such judgments are many times snap judgments, whereas the years may prove the "ruined" reporter to have learned something priceless as he goes into his newsroom maturity.

Of course, there are two kinds of learning. One is formal, and comes off the campuses. The other is self-acquired. As the author of "The American Language," H. L. Mencken is one of the nation's educated men, and one of its great journalists, although he never went beyond high school. That doesn't mean that the way for us ordinary people to get an education is to refuse to go to college.

Education for a profession isn't altogether "practical." You don't go to college to learn how to run a foundry, or essentially, to learn how to write a headline. You go, as a prospective newspaperman, for a liberal education, and if you are majoring in journalism, a part of that education can consist of answers to such classroom questions as What is objectivity in an editorship?, What does ethics mean in a newspaper office?, How much does a newspaperman owe to the other 135 million people in the nation?, and so on.

If you pick up some "practical" knowledge at the same time, that ought to be good enough, but the real thing you get out of college is education in matters designedly impractical, in a particular sense. It is not impractical for a writer to know how to use *assuage*. If you are impractical while fiddling with molds in a laboratory, you become practical when you discover penicillin, and if you are impractical while studying the social sciences and the history of journalism in college, you may become eminently practical when your paper later disestablishes hometown political corruption.

Newspapermen add a lot to the language. Sometimes the cliche becomes a good word, and sometimes the deskman's inspired coinage enters usage and even the dictionary. Some of these coinages may never get in the paper: they are conversational incandescents which come down to us like the remarks of Samuel Johnson rather than in his own written word, and one of the most stunning achievements along this line was that represented in an exchange supposed to have taken place between Joseph Pulitzer and his managing editor.

Pulitzer, enraged during an argument, bawled out, "The trouble with you, Coates, is that you are too indegoddampendent." And Coates, accosted shortly afterwards by a trembling subordinate bearing an order from the boss, ground back: "Tell Mr. Pulitzer that I'm under no obligoddamnation to do that, and I won't."

If newspapers, which use words most, have a true right to the licenses of usage, they have also the responsibility of custodians. That custodianship ought to involve insistence upon education for newspaper work, rather than opposition to it.

A good many of the questions involved in education for journalism will be answered by time. Journalism is young. Let it grow, but let us see to it that the growth is qualitative as well as quantitative. Professional journalism ought to force academic preparation, and if it is afraid of doing it by statute, as other specialized professions now do, then it ought to do it by organization and agreement.

Maybe, if it did, fewer headlines like "Senators Propose U. S. Eye German Arms for 15 Years" would appear on America's front pages.

That headline, at least for one reader, inexorably *conjures up a vision* of a *stern Uncle Sam*, standing on the shores with *arms akinbo* and fixing a *huge plant of the perfidious Krupps* with a *piercing glance* from his *steely orbs*. No doubt, when the fifteen years are up, the old boy will *heave a sigh* and *asseverate:*

"At long last."

KEEN RAFFERTY.

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Buy VICTORY *Bonds*

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"London rises again...

"Three short years complete what was considered the work of an age."

This proud boast, inscribed on London's Fire Monument commemorating the Great Fire of 1666, is of more than academic interest to the Londoners of 1945, for the men and women of Britain's capital are today reconstructing their city after a catastrophe even greater than the Fire. There is no Amber St. Clare around this time to lend spice to the clearing away of the rubble; but out of the desolation wrought by the Germans, London will rise magnificent beyond Christopher Wren's most fantastic dreams.

Londoners are today writing down the story of their city's destruction and rebirth, just as they did after the Fire. The literature that grew out of the Great Fire and the subsequent rebuilding of London is among the strangest and most compelling England has ever produced. Written with all the grandiose flourish of the Restoration, it communicates the sickening hurry, bewilderment and terror of the frightful days when the city was a mass of flame, yet it provides an object lesson in grim fortitude for a modern world which is faced by the same problem of reconstruction.

Some of the best of that writing is included in LONDON IN FLAMES, LONDON IN GLORY[1], an extraordinary volume of poems which all lovers of London and of English literature will relish. One of the most intriguing items in this book is a *Quadruple Acrostick*, half of which we reprint below. We respectfully submit it for the consideration of Miss Elizabeth Kingsley and all her fans.

A QUADRUPLE ACROSTICK on LONDON.

L–o! what a *Chaos* this unhappy *Fal*.....*L*,
O–nly a dismal sight, and signs of W.....*O*,
N–ow *Metamorphis'd*, *Ovid* writeth o.....*N*
D–*emocritus* had wept too (doubtless) ha....*D*
O–nly *Melpomene's* the *Singer* wh.....*O*
N–ow each, a *Stoick* look too putteth o....*N*.

JUST AS, ever since 1666, London has been particularly wary of fires, so her people will from now on be on guard against the Germans who out-did the fire a hundred-fold. Of course, they have been warned before. Back in the pre-Bismarck era, long before Vansittart had even considered the question, the LETTERS OF THOMAS HOOD[2], written from Germany, revealed the changeless German mentality as the world has come to know it in this century.

Mr. Hood was not only a very competent observer, but an amusing one as well. Seeing a sign in Coblenz which read *Beer Brewery and Bath House*, he commented "Good God! I should not wonder if they bathe in the beer. It certainly has a very odd flavour. What a new way of giving *a body* to it."

1. LONDON IN FLAMES, LONDON IN GLORY *Edited by Robert Arnold Aubin, $4.50*
2. LETTERS OF THOMAS HOOD, *From the Dilke Collection in the British Museum Edited by Leslie A. Marchand, $2.00*

At all bookstores
RUTGERS UNIVERSITY PRESS
New Brunswick, New Jersey

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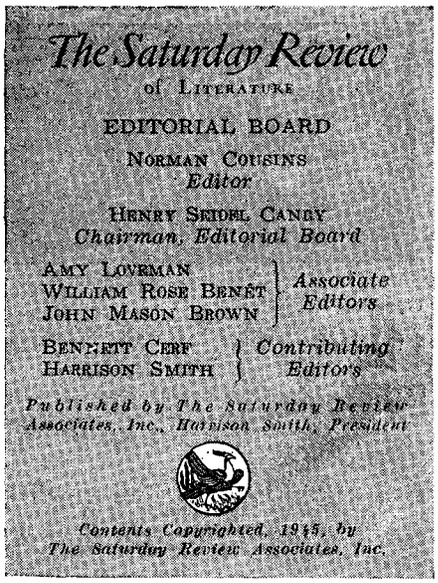

MASS DEATH IN MINIATURE

IF modern man has been blown by the invention of the atomic bomb into the spiral of perhaps his greatest crisis, let him at least use his modernity. For we have learned much about mass psychology in the last half-century and, what is more to the point, have developed techniques for influencing, if not for controlling, its impulses.

One of these is mass advertising. The advertiser no longer works with anything so simple as an explanation. He knows that the will to act comes from much deeper levels than the reason. A picture of an automobile is not in itself enough to sell a car to a man who never expects to own one. A theory of government, such as Nazism, is not enough to produce a revolution. The advertiser and the propagandist alike go deeper into the frustrations and fears, the primitive desires and jealousies. They relate the object or the idea to the subconscious of the individual. They realize his personal bit of the future in his own imagination.

There was more than enough printed, warned, solemnly spoken in the 1920's to demonstrate the certainty of another World War and also its nature—enough facts, enough unanswerable arguments. It was all wasted because the millions of individuals of the masses were never made to realize what this meant for themselves. The demagogues and tyrants, the greedy, and those fearful for their own national welfare, were more successful than the men of good will, because they worked upon passions easily aroused, such as nationalism, patriotism, vanity, and racial jealousy. Both hope and fear were made real to the imagination. If Hitler lost his war, "Mein Kampf" nearly won it.

What we wish to suggest is a very simple thing, which our technical skill renders perfectly possible. Make the atomic bomb real in the imagination of the world's people. Merely describing it in the abstract, discussing its implications, proving to the intelligent mind what will happen as the result of this invention if another war comes, will never do the job. Its catastrophes must be made vivid and real.

Our suggestion is in accord with the best advertising practice, by which new inventions likely to change the way of living—inventions like the electric light, the automobile, the radio— have been shown to the world. Let the people see the atomic bomb in action. Let the scientists give us—which should be easy—a miniature bomb. Call in the experts of Hollywood to prepare such sets as their imaginations must often have stretched to. Begin here at home with a dozen locations on empty land easily accessible, and let there be built miniature cities carried out to the last physical detail. Mechanize them into movement. Give the illusion, at least, of crowded streets. Put ships in river or harbor, office towers of steel, factories in operation, traffic inbound and outbound, airplanes flying over. The scale should not be too small; its size should be determined by the greatest possible effect on the spectators, who, in vast stands, each provided perhaps with binoculars, can safely witness both details and the whole of the calamity raised to its highest power. The great steeplechase course at Melbourne where hundreds of thousands watch the races from the hill and adjacent stands could be doubled in size by technical expedient, and would stage such a show as the imagination could never forget. Then drop the tiny parachute with its bomb.

Begin at home, but continue all over the civilized world until man everywhere has seen with his own eyes, felt with immediate emotion, the possibility of his own destruction.

It would be expensive, but not one-millionth as expensive as war. It would call for consummate engineering, first-rate organization, and the labor of perhaps 10,000 skilled brains and hands. It would call for no more energies than we put into one day of total war.

It is true that the sight of war inspires the warlike, and that weapons of war stir the imagination toward their use, but the atomic bomb, either as a war weapon or in miniature, is not a war; it is a massacre. And only pathological or unbalanced minds (of whom we shall have to take account) are stirred to action by the murder of a civilization.

It took the ruin and slaughter of a nation by Assyrians and Egyptians to make the Children of Israel really believe that the fierce rhetoric of their prophets was the truth. Are we going to wait for the fiery levelling of a continent to realize that war is out of hand, and that this new mass death is on the horizon for you and me and all of us? H. S. C.

FRANZ V. WERFEL (1890-1945)

THE announcement of Franz Werfel's death at his home in Hollywood on the night of August 26 has been a shock to the literary world and to the Americans who have been associated with him in this country since his escape from Nazi Europe in 1940. Franz Werfel's whole life has been one triumphant accomplishment and struggle, first to escape from his parents and then for his pacifist and religious ideals against a world that was returning to paganism and militarism. Born of wealthy Jewish parents in Prague in 1890, he succeeded as a lyric poet and leader of the expressionist school. As a dramatist, his plays were enormously successful in Germany and Austria, and New York accepted enthusiastically his "Goat Song"; "Juarez and Maximilian" and lately, "Jacobowsky and the Colonel." Since 1924, when his novel, "Verdi: the Novel of the Opera," appeared he has devoted his genius to fiction.

His first novel to make a deep impression on the American public was "The Forty Days of Musa Dagh," 1934, the heroic narrative of the defense of seven Macedonian villages against the Turkish Army. "The Pure in Heart," 1931, remains a classic and moving novel of pre-war Vienna which should live far into the future. "The Song of Bernadette" was so overwhelmingly a success only three years ago that it is only necessary to recall that his novelization of the legend of the miracle at Lourdes was a minor miracle in itself.

Franz Werfel and his wife had been trying desperately to escape from France and had been turned back at the Spanish frontier; most of his manuscripts had been lost; they were both spent and hopeless when they reached the temporary safety of Lourdes. He absorbed the story of Bernadette Soubirous and the miraculous and healing spring as a sponge absorbs water; placed what he could of his concept on paper, and eventually reached New York. In his villa in Hollywood he finally completed in German his third revision of the novel and turned it over to Ludwig Lewisohn for translation.

Werfel had two heart attacks before his final and fatal attack last week. The world has lost in him one of its most inspired, emotional writers, a champion of the dignity of man on earth, and a believer in his place in heaven. H. S.

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The Ancestry of Thoreau

[This letter, containing new information about Henry D. Thoreau's family connections, is printed here to call forth, if possible, more details as to the last of the surviving Thoreaus,—and some scholarly scrutiny of the family's tradition of Spanish ancestry. One can imagine the delight this suggestion of so colorful a background would have given to the biographically minded Henry.

Timaru in Canterbury Province of the South Island of New Zealand is a little red-roofed city close to the bluffs and the sea, and not far from Christchurch, the university center. I flew over it in June, and if I remember rightly the green and white surf breaks in front of it on the black sand beaches so characteristic of the South Island. Behind, lie the stretches of the great Canterbury plain, a checkerboard of farms, and beyond, the foothills, snow crested when I was there, and still further and higher, the great Alpine chain, "the long white cloud" as the Maoris called it, with its glaciers and fjords. It was over this mountain barrier that Samuel Butler climbed to his fabled Erewhon. He knew, of course, that only the Tasman Sea was on the other side, but the setting is perfect for something unknown over the ranges. Butler lived from 1859 to 1864 at a sheep station on the Rangitata river which is just above Timaru. If a Thoreau was in Timaru at the time, he would surely have known him in a country so sparsely settled in the 1860's.—HENRY SEIDEL CANBY.]

SIR: Here are brief details of my acquaintance with the Thoreau family in New Zealand.

In 1907 when travelling from London to New Zealand I met on board ship a Mr. Thoreau of Timaru, Centerbury, New Zealand. He was returning to New Zealand after leaving his two sisters in London with their two maiden aunts, the Misses Thoreau. He had accompanied his sisters to London after the death of their mother, Mrs. Thoreau of New Zealand, and he told me that these aunts and a cousin, Dr. Thoreau of Harper St., London, were the only other Thoreaus surviving of the original Channel Island family. Some months later I was invited to spend Christmas at his father's home at Fairview, Timaru, where I was his guest for some days.

Mr. Philip Edward Thoreau was a gentleman farmer, a man of fine appearance and some dignity. On the death of his uncle years earlier he had been summoned to the Channel Islands, and had come into an inheritance which included many family heirlooms. This relative was the last Thoreau in Jersey. Mr. P. E. Thoreau was then informed by the solicitor of his relationship with Henry D. Thoreau, of Concord, of which he had no prior knowledge, although he had been in Canada in his youth in the employment of the Hudson Bay Company, at the time when H. D. T. was alive and widely known.

He showed me the collection of family portraits (paintings) which I detail: Mr. and Mrs. Philip Thoreau, His Grandfather and Grandmother (valued at £500 each); Marie le Gallais, His Great Grandmother; his father and mother; his uncle, Judge Lerrier; another uncle, Major Réinon.

There are additional points I learned from him: The Thoreau family hold the first quarterings known. Through the union of the Houses of Leon and Castile the undernoted were the most powerful Spanish nobles—Princes del Toro é Zamona. Also, from entries in the family Bible of Philip Thoreau of Jersey, Mr. P. E. Thoreau's grandfather: an uncle of Mr. Thoreau of New Zealand was a major in the Spanish Legion during the Peninsular War. A Thoreau was Archbishop of the Cathedral of Dol. Another Thoreau was the admiral in command of the French fleet attacking Bantry Bay, Ireland. The Prince del Toro é Zamona (Castile) went to France at the time of the Inquisition.

Mr. P. E. Thoreau of Timaru was good enough to autograph my copy of "Walden." His father was born in 1813 and died in 1879. Mr. P. E. Thoreau was a second cousin of H. D. Thoreau of Concord. Their paternal grandparents were brothers.

The son with whom I had travelled became a land and house agent in Timaru. There are several Thoreaus listed in the New Zealand Directory in recent years (all in Timaru), but the latest issue of the Directory names only one—Mr. Abyn (?) Thoreau, Crescent Point, Timaru, Canterbury. The family portraits and other material may still be in his possession. According to H. S. Salt, Henry D. Thoreau's grandfather married a Scotch woman. It persists in my mind that she was the daughter of the Rev. Thomas Burns, a relation of Robert Burns, the Scottish poet. Pronunciation of the name Thoreau by the New Zealand members of the family was TORO (accent on the first syllable).

Yours sincerely,

JAMES WALKER.
Whitcombe & Tombs, Ltd.
Auckland, New Zealand.

"We haven't appeared in a book of cartoons in over two years."

London Project

SIR: The Dowager Marchioness of Reading, in a letter to me, reports that the Women's Voluntary Services, of which she is chairman and Queen Elizabeth is president, has started its own circulating library to meet the demand for good reading among the hundreds of people who visit its headquarters at 41 Tothill Street. The library is already a tremendous success, and its possibilities for service are limited only by limited finances. Among the books asked for with the greatest avidity are those on the history, politics, regions, arts, and sciences of the United States and American novels and short stories.

"I am trying to make people aware of some of the difficulties and some of

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the strengths and weaknesses of you, our great Ally," Lady Reading writes. "That is why I am anxious to keep getting books over in order to be able, as far as possible, to make people over here realize, without knowing that they are beginning to realize it, all your problems and difficulties . . . As I read novels about American life, or books written by Americans about American problems, I learnt so much more of a viewpoint that is not an English viewpoint."

Won't *SRL* help this "hands-across-the-sea" project by contributing worthwhile books on Americana, particularly those books which will help Britishers to understand us better? Not merely educational, but entertaining and readable titles are needed.

MABEL TRAVIS WOOD.
New York, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: The Saturday Review *will be glad to serve as a collection center. Send books to "London Project,"* Saturday Review of Literature, 25 *West* 45 *St., New York* 19, *N. Y.*

"Modern Man Is Obsolete"

SIR: Please tell me if it is possible to obtain reprints of your excellent and far-reaching editorial, "Modern Man Is Obsolete [*SRL,* Aug. 18]. I would like to have as many reprints of this article as I can afford. I wish everyone in the United States—what provincialism!—I mean everyone in the world might read it.

BETTINA B. CARTER.
Pittsburgh, Penna.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Reprints of an abridged version of the editorial are available in quantity free of charge. Write to* The Saturday Review, 25 *West* 45 *St., New York* 19, *N. Y.*

SIR: Your stirring editorial is brilliant though frightening writing, and reaches the same spectacular heights in editorial expression which the atomic bomb seemed to reach in scientific advance.

Our hope for the survival of the peoples of the earth seems to require that the substance of your message be immediately translated into thoughtful truths and penetrating words for the common man throughout the world (because he represents the great majority), and then constantly and emphatically he dinned into his head with clear warning of its current and urgent importance for his own survival.

You have written a sparkling message which I hope starts a conflagration of constructive thinking and conduct among the peoples everywhere. I congratulate you upon lighting a fuse of timely thoughts.

NAT SCHMULOWITZ.
San Francisco, Calif.

SIR: Your editorial, "Modern Man Is Obsolete" should appear in every magazine on earth. It should be read over radios and discussed in newspapers. It's a must. Man has never kept up with his science, and finally the day has come when his lack of courage and determination will be punished with extinction if he doesn't climb on his horse and get going.

That article would be worth the work you put in it if it set fire to only half a dozen minds the way it has mine; but I know its impact will be tremendous on every reader. I hope it makes crusaders out of every one of them. There's never been a set of facts so well worth saying, and so well said.

RUTH W. PAGE.
New York, N. Y.

SIR: Please accept my thanks for your editorial "Modern Man is Obsolete." It is the earliest and most intelligently realistic approach I have seen to the issues of the Atomic Age; and is all the more commendable because to most men the shock of the impact, and the realization of what has occurred to humankind are not yet clearly visualized.

I was impressed by your emphasis upon man's will and its fundamental involvement in the choice before mankind. So rarely do we find this recognition of its determinative quality: so casually is it brushed aside: so little effort has been put upon an understanding of its presence: its nature: its re-direction—and yet, any blueprint appears ineffective unless that prior decisiveness and "willingness" are active.

I want you to know how much I appreciated your penetration, and to express the hope that we might have more such constructive approaches to what must seem to all men of good will the great and perhaps final imperative facing the human race.

RICHARD E. McEVOY.
New York, N. Y.

SIR: Modern man is obsolete! You're not talking about Sweden.

CARL PETERSON.
Chicago, Ill.

SIR: I thank you for expressing so well, so beautifully what all sentient people must feel and think and fear. You have spoken for the inarticulate yet not unimaginative, for the responsible as well as the intellectual.

The man in the street (much as I dislike that phrase) so often forgets that the intellectual is the most practical of human beings. And this editorial serves as a proof.

It seems to me—the teaching of history should begin with your editorial rather than the fatuous prefaces of conventional histories that declare "the study history to learn from the past so as to benefit by the mistakes—when no leader of men, no general, no politician, no ambassador ever gleaned one iota except to repeat the same stupidities, the same cruelties."

FRANCES ALDER.
North Bergen, N. J.

SIR: Now that we have atomic cocktails, permanent wave solutions, etc., I want to stick in my two-cents' worth and suggest the following to any up-and-coming writers—not necessarily of the Superman school:

In his "The Absolute at Large" (1927), Karel Capek deals with a projection centering around a by-product being released along with atomic energy. This takes shape in imbuing people in the immediate area with an exalted sense of brotherhood and human feeling to the extent wherein bank officials, whose building is being heated by a part of a hod of coal, the whole season, along the lines of atomic energy, suddenly start opening their coffers to every Tom, Dick, and Harry who chances to be in the immediate neighborhood.

Come on, you up-and-coming Tolstoys and Hemingways; beat the ad men to it.

WILLIAM ABSOLON.
Chicago, Ill.

"Churchill: Eternal Englishman"

SIR: As a reader struck by the insight, the moderation, and the com-

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"Scribble, scribble, scribble, Mr. Gibbon."

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prehensiveness of view of Sir Norman Angell's article, "Churchill: Eternal Englishman" [*SRL,* Aug. 4], I was surprised at the deletion (though marked by the proper three dots) from the closing sentence of the quotation, with which the article concludes, from Winston Churchill's magnificent speech of June 18, 1940, uttered as France was going down. Here is the full sentence, with the deleted words italicized:

> Let us therefore brace ourselves to our duties, and so bear ourselves that, *if the British Empire and its Commonwealth last for a thousand years,* men will *still* say: This was their finest hour.

The passage was quoted as an illustration of Churchill's poetic power. It is difficult to see how this purpose was better served by making the deletion. And surely no good purpose is served by blinking the fact that the Empire and the Commonwealth at that hour of civilization's peril were in the battle by Britain's side. In that position they were then, as they are now, one of the most constructive and hopeful factors in a generally jerry-built and dangerously toppling world.

REGINALD G. TROTTER.

Queen's University,
Kingston, Ontario, Canada.

"A Star Danced"

SIR: Mr. Watts, in his review "A Star Danced," by Gertrude Lawrence, writes that the entertainment he has derived from the book "arises more from its rather fantastically naive egotism and its capacity for turning every episode of her life into motion-picture material than from any literary excellence. Anyway, no one is likely to accuse Miss Lawrence of calling in a ghost writer." There are two counts in this accusation and both I believe are unjust. I will begin with the second.

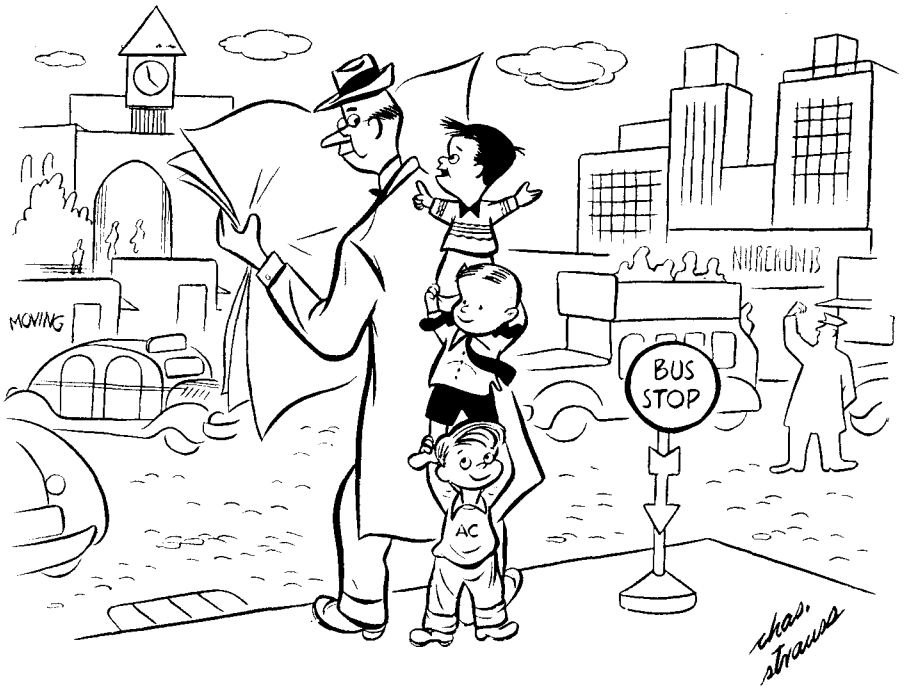
In support of his "inescapable impression" that the book is written for the films, Mr. Watts points out that Miss Lawrence composes her story in flashbacks. Now, Joseph Conrad often wrote in flashbacks too, but let that point pass. I will admit that I found this aspect of Miss Lawrence's style mannered and unpleasing. But does it follow that the book is a *"haphazard* scenario?" (italics mine) On the contrary, in reading the book, I am struck with the fact that almost nothing in Miss Lawrence's checkered progress came by chance. She had ambition. As she says, speaking of her early years, whereas most girls in the show only worked as much as was necessary so that they would not lose their jobs, she worked to advance herself, she constantly studied her art. The book gives the reader the impression of artistic and of personal integrity. And the fact that she did not call in a ghost writer is of course to her credit; her book is a native product. May I add that all I know of her comes from what she writes of herself in the book? The only time I saw her was when she was acting in Charlot's Revue in Boston many years ago.

Take now her alleged egotism. The fact that Mr. Watts makes a general reference to "all autobiographies of actors" suggests that he is proceeding from a general formula rather than carefully perusing the book before him. Doubtless there is an element of egotism in *all* autobiographies, whether of actors or of philosophers or even of saints. But I found it impossible not to be struck with the fact that Miss Lawrence never excuses herself while recounting her various and many artistic and personal mistakes; also that she is more than fair to Miss Beatrice Lillie who was so much her rival, and indeed expresses great, and what seems to be, genuine admiration for her. To repeat, the book gives the impression of a person who has integrity rather than egotism.

Mr. Watts begins and ends his review by referring to Mrs. Clare Boothe Luce as a dull actress. It does not seem to me fair that he should drag in Mrs. Luce in an utterly uncalled for fashion simply in order to use her as a stick with which gently to beat Miss Lawrence. Mr. Watts writes "she [Miss Lawrence] is a wonderful performer, but she doesn't write much better than Mrs. Luce acts." He must think this wisecrack very clever for he makes his point at least twice. Perhaps egotism is not restricted to actors. Here Mr. Watts is obviously showing off; and I am driven to the "inescapable impression" that he is a better actor than he is a critic.

RAPHAEL DEMOS.

Westport Point, Mass.



"Do you mind if I read over your shoulder?"

Hawthorniana Wanted

SIR: I am preparing a biography of Rose Hawthorne Lathrop, Hawthorne's daughter, who as Mother Alphonsa became famous for the work she founded for destitute sufferers from incurable cancer. The Sisters at Hawthorne, N. Y., have opened to me—and for the first time—their archives, which contain a large number of hitherto unpublished letters of the Hawthorne family. These together with other documents and the printed sources provide me with abundant material for the first twenty and the last thirty years of this long life. But there is a period—roughly from 1870 to 1895—for which the data available is relatively meagre. Yet during that period Mrs. Lathrop was moving much in literary society and gaining some reputation as a writer of short stories and verse. It therefore seems to me that there must be in existence some of the letters written to friends during those years, and perhaps other sources of information. If so, I shall be most grateful to anybody able and willing to help me in this regard. Though, as my present address indicates, I am working under a handicap, I am nevertheless working steadily upon this project, so I may be reached at the Sanatorium.

THEODORE MAYNARD.

Maryland Tuberculosis Hospital
State Sanatorium, Maryland

Pointer? Painter!

SIR: In Leonard Bacon's review of La Farge's "Raw Material" (*SRL,* July 21), I note that Mr. La Farge is said to be "the grandson of the great pointer, John La Farge."

I trust that this will not be mistaken for that well known though not commonly printed epithet that caused Wister's Virginian to say, "When you call a man that, *smile.*"

ALLAN ABBOTT.

New York, N. Y.

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TRADE Winds

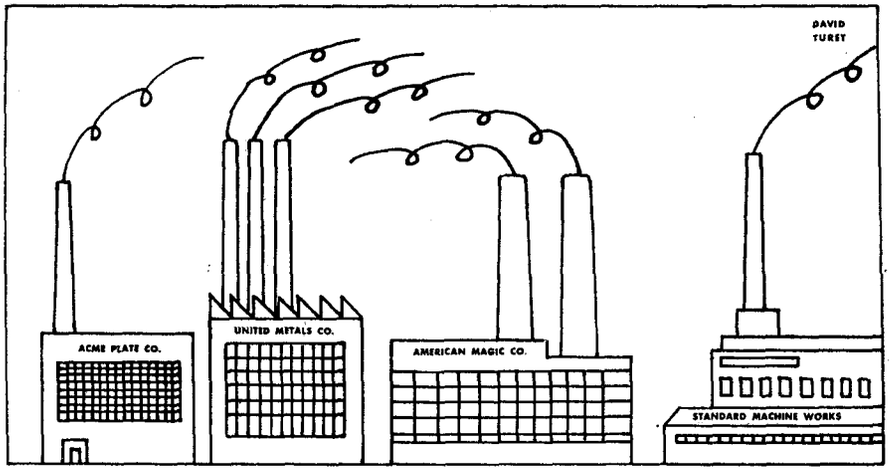
THE COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY Press has been conducting a poll to determine whether people prefer lettering to read from top to bottom, or from bottom to top on the spines of book jackets. The top-to-bottom school is a mile out in front. Most convincing argument to date: "When a title runs across the spine at right angles to the height of a book, it is placed invariably at or near the top. Thus, normally, the reader's eyes have formed the habit of looking first to the top position of the spine in order to read the title." . . . Having rushed out "The Atomic Age Opens" in less than three weeks, Pocket Books editors are now mulling a quickie history of World War Two. . . . "Insiders" were convinced that the second MGM Novel Award would go either to "Three O'Clock Dinner" or "The White Tower." Instead, it was bagged by Elizabeth Howard for her first novel, "Before the Sun Goes Down." Doubleday is the publisher. . . . It took the public an inexplicably long time to wake up to Raymond Chandler's tough and wonderful murder stories, but now the rush is on for fair. "The High Window," for instance, unobtainable at one time, is now available both in Knopf's Black Widow series, and in Tower Books at forty-nine cents. If you haven't discovered Chandler yet, the one to begin on is "Farewell, My Lovely." . . . Another whodunit author hurtling to the top is Baynard Kendrick, whose stories of Duncan MacLain, blind detective, are published by Morrow. His new one is called "Out of Control." . . . Hugh Gibson is editing "The Ciano Diaries" for Doubleday. . . . Liam O'Flaherty has completed his first novel in eight years. It is called "The Land" and is high on the Random House list for early spring. . . . Gilbert Gabriel's new novel, "To a Gray Lady," will be published by Macmillan. . . . Literary Guild selection for November: "The Gauntlet," by James Street; for December: "The Bedside Book of Famous French Stories." . . . John Marquand surprised his publishers, Little, Brown, with a short novel that nobody knew he was writing. It will be issued November 12, under the title of "Repent in Haste." . . .

FRED RUSSELL, of the *Nashville Banner,* has gathered some of the funniest sports stories I ever read into a sparkling little book called "I'll Go Quietly" (published at one dollar by the McQuiddy Press of Nashville). A few samples: Coach Fritz Crisler was steaming his Princeton boys up before the Yale game. Not only the squad, but Crisler himself was sobbing when he finished his oration with a broken "Now, men, promise me you'll go out on that field hallowed by the blood of your grandfathers and *fight.*" The team rushed out to do or die and Crisler was about to congratulate himself when a lowly sub walked over and whacked him on the back. "Come on, Toots," he said sternly. "Get hold of yourself!" . . . A star hurler was asked how he pitched to Paul Waner, one of the great batters of all time. "I give him the best I've got," said the pitcher, "and then I run to back up third." . . . In the first round of a bout between two colored fighters one was knocked down and the referee began his customary chant, "One, two, three." As the count reached ten, the referee noticed that the fighter, although obviously unhurt, didn't move a muscle, so he slyly kept on going, "eleven, twelve, thirteen." When he reached nineteen the fighter rolled over and said, "You is very fair, Mr. Ref, but I is through for the evening." . . . There was a timekeeper for the basketball games at Ann Arbor who made quite a ceremony of his part in the proceedings. At one of the big games, he got his gun ready a few minutes before the close, pointing it toward the ceiling, and at the last second fired it with a great flourish. Hardly had he put the gun on the table when a huge bird dropped kerplunk on the floor three feet in front of him. The Michigan coach had planted a kid in the rafters with the fowl. . . . The prize alibi of a batter who had stood at the plate in a pinch and watched three perfect strikes sail by: "My bat didn't have no wood in it." . . .

JAN STRUTHER'S new book, "A Pocketful of Pebbles," due from Harcourt in November, contains a selection of prose and poetry written over a period of many years. Her admirers wish she'd write more about Mrs. Miniver. . . . Coward McCann's fall list is topped by MacKinlay Kantor's new novel, "Glory for Me." It is written completely in verse. . . . John Kidd's Cincinnati bookshop attracted plenty of attention with a window display that featured "The Bedside Treasury of Love" next to "Anything Can Happen." . . . At a recent session of the Thanatopsis Poker Club, Theron Bamberger, producer of "Tomorrow the World," misplayed a hand, threw his cards angrily onto the table, and declared, "I'm my own worst enemy." "Not while I'm in the room," F. P. Adams reminded him grimly. . . . *The Wall Street Journal* reports that when Colonel Putnam was alive, an old beggar accosted him, declaring that he was a veteran soldier. "You don't look it," said the Colonel bluntly, and barked, "Attention! Eyes right, eyes front. Now what comes next?" "Present alms" was the instant rejoinder. It won a hand-out. . . . From the Writer's War Board Bulletin:

> *ASK FOR HIS SCORE:* You have probably run across him—the man who sorrowfully declares that he hates the idea of another war, but that his study of the world situation forces him to conclude that we'll have to fight Russia. If you run across him again, ask him for his score. What did his study of the world situation "force him to conclude" about Munich, lend-lease, the destroyers-for-bases deal, the intentions of the Japanese selective service? If you find, as you probably will, that he batted around .00002 on these and others like them, you will be forced to conclude that as an appraiser of world events he is not so hot—and if he is determined to fight Russia, let him try it on his own. . . .

HOLLYWOOD. Two exceptionally fine pictures are on their way to you: "Pride of the Marines" and "The Lost Weekend." The first is the story of Al Schmid, the boy who held off a Jap advance at Guadalcanal by manning a machine-gun post for hours



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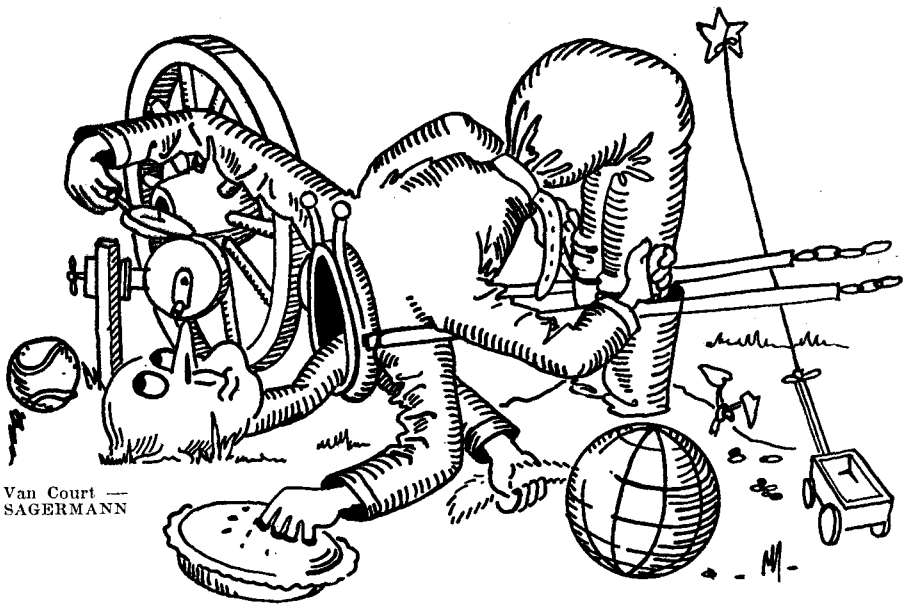


Van Court — SAGERMANN

It's a Good Trick If You Can Do It!

The successful, self-made man tells us that in order to be a success, we must keep our nose to the grindstone, put our ear to the ground, keep our eye on the ball, our tongue in our cheek; keep a stiff upper lip, our shoulder to the wheel, our feet planted in our convictions; then we must hitch our wagon to a star, tighten our belt another notch, lift ourselves by our bootstraps, keep a sharp watch for opportunities, stay in harness, and then we will get a finger in the pie, and have the world by the tail!

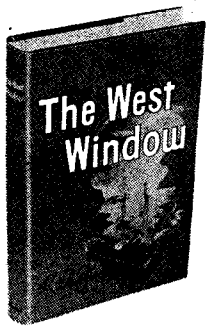
after he had been blinded by a grenade. Albert Maltz's dialogue is a joy to hear, and the acting of John Garfield and Dane Clark is just about perfect. "The Lost Weekend" is an uncompromising and magnificent adaptation of Charles Jackson's novel, and proves anew that Billy Wilder and Charlie Brackett are just about in a class by themselves as a writer-producer team in Hollywood today. Ray Milland's portrayal of a hapless drunkard is so real that it will make oversensitive spectators cringe, and Howard de Silva and Frank Faylen give what I consider remarkable performances in smaller roles. I can recommend these two pictures without reservation.

A LESS AMBITIOUS, but thoroughly beguiling picture of the moment is "Anchors Aweigh," in which Gene Kelly proves he is as good or better than Fred Astaire. This picture would benefit immeasurably by the elimination of about forty minutes of sappy dialogue between Kelly and Frank Sinatra, who, incidentally, does a fine job himself in the picture. Ever since "What Price Glory?," Hollywood has been infatuated with the theme of two tough hombres who love each other at heart, but can't resist playing interminable dirty tricks on one another. In "Anchors Aweigh" this sort of thing merely distracts attention from the superfine song-and-dance numbers; in a picture called "Here Come the Waves," which squanders the talents of Bing Crosby, it is genuinely disgusting. . . . Gary Cooper in "Along Came Jones" bored me half to death and so did "Nob Hill." . . . Labor groups were talking about boycotting "Captain Eddie," the screen story of Eddie Rickenbacker. All such ideas were abandoned when the picture was revealed. Instead of a lemon-drop it is a marshmallow, and a pretty stale one at that. . . . "Love Letters," "Wonder Man," and "Thrill of a Romance" are way above average; I had a mighty good time at all of them. . . . "G.I. Joe" is really an excellent documentary that is, unfortunately, too long and too late. Nevertheless, it has some highly effective sequences, including a spine-tingling skirmish in a ruined Italian church, and an actor named Robert Mitchum gives a performance that lingers in your mind. After you have left, it is just possible you will remember too a vague and shadowy figure who wanders in and out of the picture and is referred to as "Ernie Pyle." . . .

INCIDENTALLY, Dr. Morris Fishbein was a member of the prevue audience that was thrilled by "The Lost Weekend." On the way out, he said it reminded him of the story of a saloonkeeper who had just unlocked his premises for the day's business when a pink elephant and purple rhinoceros mooched up to the bar. "I'm sorry, boys," said the bartender. "He hasn't come in yet."

BENNETT CERF.

"From where I sit"



L. P. HARTLEY is familiar as one of England's leading journalists and critics. Since the last war he has contributed to the first-rate literary reviews, has written two volumes of short stories and a novel.

In **The West Window,** his latest novel, there is a precision so great that every sentence is found to have a special place in the fabric of the book. **The West Window** is a psychological, even a psychiatric study of two children, brother and sister. First published in England under the title, *The Shrimp and the Anemone,* Eustace aged nine is symbolized by the shrimp—small, uncertain, tender, insignificant except as he is acted upon—and Hilda aged thirteen is symbolized by the anemone—complicated, triumphant, self-centered, capable of devouring the shrimp. Such a plot as there is is important only as it serves to unravel and expose the development of human character. The book gives a much needed and hitherto infrequent demonstration of the complicated and fascinating threads of early development. But while it is unquestionably the most intricate study of formation I have seen, it is certainly never boring. On the contrary, it is enlivened by countless biting incidents, nostalgic smiles, and the inward shocks of personal recognition. Without trying to be Louisa May Alcott about it, it seems essential to recall that the seeds of tragedy and comedy alike are to be found in "little men" and "little women."

★ ★ ★ ★

IF the new edition of **The Crusades** and **The Flame of Islam** (complete and unabridged in one volume—advt.) has two distinct sub-titles, that's because HAROLD LAMB'S two widely known books are now under one cover. The text is printed from the original plates, and the books run in historical sequence without abridgment. Here are the snows of yesteryear.

paul

DOUBLEDAY, DORAN

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The Heart of Africa

CONGO. Written by John Latouche. Photographed by André Cauvin. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce, Inc., and Willow, White & Co. 1945. 195 *pp.* $3.75.

Reviewed by JOHN W. VANDERCOOK

THE pictures are wonderful. In this age of turning points Congo, as photographed by the amazingingly perceptive André Cauvin, may mark the end of the long era in which all pictures taken between Capricorn and Cancer, by some unexplained tradition, were perforce as "documentary" as an early newsreel; as clear and uninspiring as ice water; and as unbecoming as a newpaper portrait.

Cauvin, in the compass of a short, though copiously illustrated book, has explored the great Central African world of the vast Belgian colony from every conceivable aspect. As viewed through the Cauvin lens, the men and women of the Congo cease to be types, or "natives"; becomes unmistakable and diverse human personalities. There are glimpses of the serene immensity of the Congo River valleys, quiet under the soft hills of motionless, equatorial cloud. There are elephant, lion, and hippopotami—seen not with the almost unbelievable nearness of the camera stalker who has controlled incipient sneezes and disregarded itching bites with monastic dedication for days on end—somehow more excitingly, but as any traveller with reasonable luck might come upon them.

It is more or less inevitable in such impressive, eye-catching company that one automatically thinks of John Latouche's accompanying prose as "text" or even as letterpress—though I confess I have never had a very clear idea as to just what that is. To be truthful, neither Mr. Latouche's selection of his material nor his writing of it ever quite lifts the printed pages above that level.

To write a book about the Congo is almost as difficult an undertaking as to write a book about another planet. A more cautious observer might have tried to escape the embarrassment of such riches by limiting his field. John Latouche, more daring and less wise, has tried to touch on everything. There is a theory it is always a compliment to a writer to be left unsatisfied. But in reading, as in eating, there is a middle ground between satiety and downright famine. The text of "Congo" is more of a menu than a meal.

The captious might describe "Congo" as a rather elaborate bread and butter letter. Rather surprisingly in the midst of war, the American writer and the Belgian photographer were shown the literal geographic heart of Africa under official auspices. The photographer saw what he liked. The writer liked what he saw. . . . But such criticism is obviously unjust.

It is a common cliche among immobile and sedentary intellectuals the world over that colonies per se are dreadful places; imperialism, in all its aspects, a blind yet calculated device for the exploitation of helpless native people. Mr. Latouche, like nearly all who have preceded him, has made

—*From the book*

The Old Gods Depart

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the discovery that Belgian's great colony of the Congo, at any rate, is a scene of enlightenment as well as exploitation, of education as well as ignorance; where good-will is at least as conspicuous as ill-will.

With honest pleasure and a rather naive surprise the American traveller has come to the unfashionable conclusion it is impractical to expect yesterday's and today's primitive inhabitants of tropic Africa to graduate at once into an equal status in this rough, unruly world without benefit of either schooling or schoolmasters. It is his conclusion that the many kinds of men and women who are performing the directive tasks of government, education, hygiene, and industrialization in the Congo are acting, if not selflessly —that would be too much to expect— at least with wisdom and honesty of purpose.

Briefer references to the Congo's past are at once less careful and less convincing. One does blink a little at a portrait of King Leopold II as a dear old gentleman of strongly idealistic habit. It is even harder to recognize that complicated and rather alarming individualist, Stanley, as a "creator of law and order."

Perhaps it is due to my misreading of some careless writing, but Mr. Latouche does seem to repeat once more that astounding, self-congratulatory myth that America led the way in halting the abominable institution of Negro slavery—instead, as is the shameful fact, of bringing up the very tail of the procession. The British halted the slave trade in 1806. The institution of slavery in all British colonies and dominions was finally abolished, apparently contrary to Mr. Latouche's impression, in 1833. Slavery was not ended in the United States until 1865.

But in the Congo, happily, the author feels the past no longer greatly matters; that a sensitive, intelligent, and often gifted people are preparing for the future in an atmosphere of high hope and higher promise.

ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

1. Johnny Nolan, in "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn," by Betty Smith. 2. Billy Bones, in "Treasure Island," by Robert Louis Stevenson. 3. Abbie Deal, in "A Lantern in Her Hand," by Bess Streeter Aldrich. 4. "Trilby," by George Du Maurier. 5. The White Knight, in "Through the Looking Glass," by Lewis Carroll. 6. Jane Champion, in "The Rosary," by Florence L. Barclay. 7. Tony Lumpkin, in "She Stoops to Conquer," by Oliver Goldsmith. 8. Pippa, in "Pippa Passes," by Robert Browning. 9. Ariel, in "The Tempest," by William Shakespeare. 10. Olivia Primrose, in "The Vicar of Wakefield," by Oliver Goldsmith.

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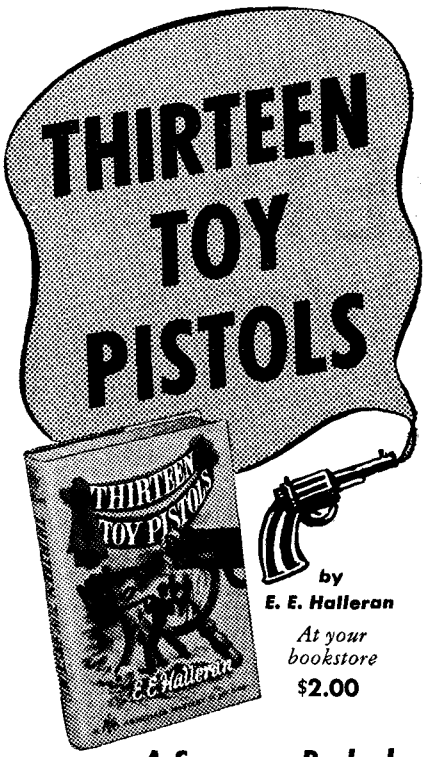

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One Roosevelt Proposes, Another Disposes

KOREA AND THE OLD ORDERS IN EASTERN ASIA. By M. Frederick Nelson. Baton Rouge: Louisiana State University Press. 297 pp. Bibliography and Appendixes. $3.75.

Reviewed by JOHN GOETTE

KOREA is the story of President Theodore Roosevelt proposing and President Franklin D. Roosevelt disposing. In July, 1905, President Roosevelt cabled to Secretary of War Taft his absolute confirmation of Taft's conversation with Count Katsura, Japanese Premier and Foreign Minister.

What the American President confirmed "in every word" was that: ". . . the establishment by Japanese troops of a suzerainty over Korea to the extent of requiring that Korea enter into no foreign treaties without the consent of Japan was the logical result of the present war and would directly contribute to permanent peace in the East."

At the Cairo Conference, November 1943, President Franklin D. Roosevelt signed the Declaration pledging Britain, China, and the United States to expel those peace-bringing Japanese troops from Korea, saying that "mindful of the enslavement of the people of Korea, [they] are determined that in due course, Korea shall became free and independent."

One Roosevelt gave the Japanese the green light for conquest and aggression, while another Roosevelt switched the light to red, and, in the words of Lieut. (j.g.) M. Frederick Nelson, "changed the independence movement [of Korea] from its status of little more than a localized conspiracy to a matter of world policy."

The scholarly author has held posts in the departments of history and government at Mississippi State College and at Texas Agricultural and Mechanical College. He won his doctorate in philosophy at Duke University in 1939. Now he is attached to the Military Government Section, Chief of Naval Operations. He writes lucidly and objectively of Korea's philosophical and international relations with China and Japan, as well as with the Western powers, America, Britain, Russia, and France.

Lieutenant Nelson presents his facts with authoritative clearness, leaving it to history and the reader to add the proper deductions. However, he does serve the very useful role of tutor in leading the layman through the obscurity of Korea's position, first vis-a-vis China, and then vis-a-vis the world.

For all the many centuries, possibly since 1100 B. C., down to China's defeat by Japan in the War of 1894, Korea was a tribute-paying appendage of the Middle Kingdom, as China styled itself to us outer barbarians. Lieutenant Nelson strives to lift the curtain from that peculiarly Asiatic relationship which was primarily responsible for the unique fate of Korea.

The author feels that much of the indecision over Korea arose from Western misinterpretation of the traditional Confucian concepts of international society. He translates the kinship existing between Korea and China, *shukuo,* as a "belonging or dependent country." He repeatedly insists that the commonly accepted English version of "vassal state" is an Occidental formula which did not fit that Oriental situation.

Therefore, we saw endless wrangling as to whether Korea was independent or was a dependency of China. If it were independent, then we were correct in our treaty of 1882 wherein Korea was posed as a free nation. However, the Chinese insisted that the Korean King send a letter to the President of the United States along with the text of the treaty, amplifying that: "In the matter of Korea being a dependency of China [in] any question that may arise between them in consequence of such dependency the United States shall in no way interfere." Little attention was paid to the letter according to the author. However, such was Korea under the Confucian family system.

It remained for the Japanese, oddly enough, to set Korea up as an independent nation in the Western manner of diplomatic relations at the close of the Sino-Japanese War of 1894—and, of course, it was Japan who for the next sixteen years hacked away at that very independence until Korea was annexed to the Japanese Empire in 1910.

Lieutenant Nelson time and again stresses the glaring difference between the classical Confucian concepts and our Western, legalistic practices. In fact, his final paragraph offers this

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conflict as a basic lesson for the complex future we face in Asia:

> Confucian concepts are still effective in the Far East, and if international society is to be recognized on regional lines, that of East Asia, with its traditions of unity, of superior and inferior, of familistic governments, will probably revert to an order more closely bound to its common civilization. After a century of experiment with the alien legal concepts of interstate relations introduced by Europe and America, the Far East may find in an indigenous system that community of ideas necessary for the peaceful relationship of its peoples.

This is the nearest the author comes to making predictions, but his book, particularly Part II, which he titles "Korea in Conflicting Societies of Nations," provides a readable background essential as we Americans convert our early twentieth-century policy from that of approving the Japanese rape of Korea to the Cairo decision to punish Japan for those self-same deeds which once brought her our official approbation. Of course, with the passage of time, Tokyo did break one solemn pledge after another as to her intentions in Korea.

But on the other hand, in Korean eyes America failed in her pledge. Our treaty of 1882 with Korea promised, "If other Powers deal unjustly or oppressively with either Government, the other will exert their good offices to bring about an amicable arrangement, thus showing their friendly feelings."

The Korean King, and those exiled Koreans beyond the strangling hand of Japan, appealed to Washington as the last hope to prevent the annexation of 1910, but we turned a deaf ear, as did the Hague Court of International Justice. Lieutenant Nelson admits that legalistically we were correct, but the Koreans viewed us in the Far Eastern role of the "elder brother," and, as he writes, "that an elder brother would refuse that assistance because of legal technicalities was incomprehensible to the Korean rulers."

Britain, now a signer of the Cairo Declaration, made the Anglo-Japanese Alliance in 1902 as the direct result of tension in Korea. Russia was a menace then. The Alliance was renewed in 1905 when no mention was made of Korean independence. It said:

> Japan possessing paramount political, military, and economic interests in Korea, Great Britain recognizes the right of Japan to take such measures of guidance, control, and protection in Korea as she may deem proper and necessary to safeguard and advance those interests.

Lieutenant Nelson also gives full revelation to China's short period of dominating Korea late in the nineteenth century over and beyond the old Confucian concept of superior and inferior states.

Thus, while China, the third signatory to the Cairo Declaration, cannot be blamed for giving Japan a free hand in Korea, there are, as Lieutenant Nelson points out, some not very bright pages in her treatment of her neighbor.

Last of the present-day Big Four, but not signatory to the Cairo Declaration since she was at peace with Japan, is Soviet Russia. Lieutenant Nelson gives ample description of Czarist Russia's attempt to dominate Korea prior to 1904. Out of that intrigue grew the Russo-Japanese War, and out of it also grew American and British surrender of Korea to Japan. Washington and London unashamedly proclaimed preference for a Korea Japanified rather than Russianized. They got their wish but now the past overshadows the future.

However, this excellent book, in citing the anomalies of all that has eventuated in Korea, sets the imagination racing over what might happen to Korea—and therefrom to us—once Japan is driven out. Korea was and still is an international headache.

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A Romantic View of the War in Europe

THIS IS WHERE I CAME IN. By Robert J. Casey. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1945. 307 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by W. H. HINDLE

NO doubt there will before long be a spate of school histories of the European phase of World War II. No doubt, when that time comes, Mr. Casey's book will be one of the required supplements to them. For in the series of some sixty vignettes of which it is composed, he gives a somewhat romantic meaning to what will soon be tales of battles long ago. With such vignettes as background, the Normandy beachheads, Bari, London under the blitz, Paris after liberation, will be something more than names to be located on a map. They will be places where men and women lived and died, feared and showed courage; where, in fact, human beings in inhuman circumstances behaved still like human beings.

Theoretically, Mr. Casey covers the whole period from Longwy in May 1940, when France was about to capitulate, to Longwy in September 1944, when Germany was already defeated. In practice, he skips rather rapidly over the weary years of waiting and training to D-Day. That is not to say that he did not find, and that his readers will not find, much of interest in those years. There is, for example, his masterly description of life in a British-protected convoy on the England-Gibraltar run. Many good Englishmen may foam at the mouth at his statement that "the whole routine daily existence" on board the warship to which he was attached "was straight out of 'In Which We Serve'," but even they will have to admit the general and detailed accuracy of his observation. There is, too, the story of the incredible exploits of Mike Annunziata, of Brooklyn, during the St. Nazaire raid, which deserves to be a classic among the stories of individual achievement.

It is only after D-Day, however, with action following swiftly upon action, that Mr. Casey really gets into his stride. Then, in rapid succession and with thumbnail precision, he brings to life the fighting around La Haye du Puits, the attempt on De Gaulle's life in the Cathedral of Notre Dame, and a score of other such episodes, already all but forgotten. The episodes are related in a casual way, which suggests that Mr. Casey is only telling what happened to another commuter out of Grand Central; and in consequence the most astounding characters and incidents take on a matter-of-fact air. The air is deceptive. Mr. Casey has skilfully used art to conceal art; and the persons of his dramas have been clothed, even if ever so little, in his own highly romantic and generous spirit. They are none the worse for that.

The Refugees

By Dorothea Kingsland

THERE has been anger in these woods of late.
The birds are gone; the foxes and the deer,
The snakes, the moths, the ants have left in fear
And we remain to wonder at their fate.

Pity the trees, that could not run and hide,
The turtle that withdrew into its shell
And thought that with such armor all was well,
The flowers that shed no seeds before they died.

Great stones which held the image of the past
Are crushed to powder, and the earth is torn
Like a dark womb whose fruit has come still-born
With signs that this dead fruit may be its last.

But where are those who fled the broken wood
When devastation overtook them there?
Will they come back again, and if they dare
Will there be nests for them or any food?

Surely they are not lost beyond recall.
Perhaps the winds will bring new seed and loam
And creatures of the earth, returning home,
Will find that in these woods is room for all?

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Life in Germany Between the Wars

DRINK TO THE HUNTED. By Ellen Marsh. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1945. 413 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by GRACE FRANK

THE technique and ambitious scale of this long novel remind one at times of the early work of Dos Passos. Into a multitude of relatively short scenes the author crowds her impressions of life in Germany between 1918 and 1940, those years of instability and change that eventually culminated in nightmares of fear and universal distrust. Her protagonists are for the most part as dislocated as the times, insecure people who perpetually quarrel with one another, whether they hark back to the old days before the war or seek by constant change to find some new validity foreign to the past.

The story begins with the marriage of an American officer stationed on the Rhine to a turbulent young German girl, daughter of the local burgomaster. This girl, Frederike, herself the child of a father and mother who differ in all essentials of temperament, religion, and politics, has little besides her wilful beauty to contribute to a marriage that soon founders on the rock of a New England mother-in-law. Lauren, the unfortunate daughter of the union, inherits not only the divergent and warring elements of her German and American ancestors, but, since she spends much of her life in the burgomaster's household, she is also torn between the conservative Catholicism of her grandfather, the narrow, self-pitying independence of her Protestant grandmother, and the callous modernism of her lax and restless mother.

Lauren's roots can never take hold. She goes to America for a few short visits, learns, forgets, and relearns both English and German. Her schooling is sporadic and usually alien to her needs. Constant companion of her travel-hungry mother, she is subject to sudden transplantings. In various parts of Europe—Switzerland, Austria, Spain, France—she early acquires a miscellaneous experience of life that includes luxury and hunger, cabarets and unpaid landladies, an acquaintance with Frederike's assorted foreign lovers and with that lady's irresponsible methods of gaining her ends. Relations between mother and daughter fluctuate hectically between passionate devotion and critical indifference, between mutual possessiveness, jealousy, and something like hatred. These two are alternately proud of each other, and terribly ashamed; and there are several scenes involving ugly violence.

The span of the story and the heterogeneous groups through which it moves give the author an opportunity to picture German social and political life from many diverse points of vantage and from *within*. This is the novel's most valuable contribution. In the burgomaster's household and among the people encountered by Lauren and Frederike, Germans of every shade of opinion are represented.

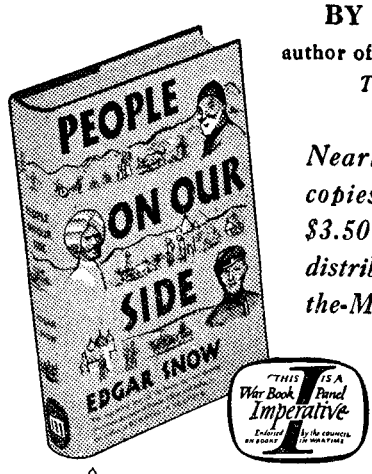
They discuss the defeat of 1918, the Weimar Republic, Hitler's acts at various stages of his career, the Spanish conflict, Roehm's murder, Goebbel's propaganda, the Jewish atrocities—all the problems of their unhappy era. Responses to the beginnings of the present war echo through the conversations of motley types of civilians and soldiers returning from Poland and Czechoslovakia. There are also brief but revealing glimpses of America as seen through German eyes. Lauren and Frederike, though critical of Germany and implacably opposed to the Nazis, nevertheless love Europe too much—including the land of their forbears—to be able to abandon it without regret.

The author, who completed this first novel before her twenty-second birthday, has probably lived through many of the experiences she describes. Indeed one often feels that she is hurling a day-by-day diary at her readers. The jungle of her impressions suffers from lack of pruning as incident succeeds incident without effective arrangement. Some of her chief characters—Lauren's American father, for example—never materialize, and most of the minor characters pass us as in a subway; a blur and they are gone. Her style lacks distinction and occasionally has a slightly foreign flavor. Yet in its final effect this novel is a distinct achievement: many of its portraits, both of persons and events, possess a photographic actuality; the central conflict between mother and daughter is sometimes painfully real; above all, the author seems faithfully to reproduce minutiae of existence in Germany between the two wars that have special importance today and that might otherwise remain inaccessible.

People on Our Side

BY EDGAR SNOW

author of *Red Star Over China* and *The Battle for Asia*



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Reformation by the Testament of Booze

THE HALF-HAUNTED SALOON. By Richard Shattuck. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1945. 177 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by THOMAS SUGRUE

AMERICAN mythology, which assumes the same set of values employed by its elder but no more pagan brethren, records with solemnity that bartenders and saloonkeepers are philosophers. That people so constantly exposed to such large-scale hardship should become wise and tolerant is obvious. Whether they do or do not makes little difference to folklore; to the comman man the theory proves the fact. Thus Uncle Irving Carey, the hero of "The Half-Haunted Saloon," is not only a philosopher, but a man who proselytizes for his faith.

Not content to absorb the wisdom of alcohol by himself, he starts out to bestow it upon the middle class, which according to his theology is badly in need of the logic and the loosening which come with strong drink. He opens a saloon in their midst, therefore, halfway between a cemetary and a crematorium; and when he is ready to depart from the earth he wills it to his brother's family, which also needs loosening up.

The family consists mostly of females. There is Mrs. Carey, a believer in the innocence of the world, who realizes vaguely that Mr. Carey had something to do with the appearance of her three daughters, though she has forgotten just what it was. The eldest daughter, Edith, is married, and lonesome for her soldier husband. The sec-

The column Seeing Things will be resumed next week by John Mason Brown.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
TIGHT ROPE *Allison L. Burns* (Duell, Sloan & Pearce: $2.50)	Ex-secretary, posing as California girl lost at sea, escapes attempts to kill her which demolish two others. Local police oblige.	Well worked out puzzle, stepped-up with plentiful emotion, useful of suspicious characters, lorn young lover, and unobtrusive but capable detective.	Adequate
MURDER PLAYS AN UGLY SCENE *L. A. G. Strong* (Crime Club: $2.)	Head of English drama-school bludgeoned during gala matinee. Composer-sleuth MacKay sifts suspects.	Ending comes bit sudden-like, but interviews with young stage aspirants are vivaciously handled and basic puzzle is likably solved.	Enjoyable fluff
SHE NEVER REACHED THE TOP *Elma K. Lobaugh* (Crime Club: $2.)	Mid-Western mansion—sinister abode—scene of girl's death and other violent happenings. Blithe pair of amateurs do inconclusive deducing.	Not much doubt about killer from outset. Yarn holds together, however, and amative female-sleuth narrator gives it adequate punch.	Time killer
THE WIDOW'S WALK *Margaret Yate* and *Paula Bramlette* (Dutton: $2.)	Cordially disliked fashion expert slain on Nantucket. Others perish before professional sleuth outsmarts local gendarmes and spots slayer.	Plenty of "atmosphere," interesting data on early Nantucket history, pleasant bits of romance, and native humor and deceptively chucklehead detective.	Refreshing
THE LOST CAESAR *Ruth Fenisong* (Crime Club: $2.)	Millionaire husband of jewelry designer slain, also his wife's pet dog. New York man-about-town and local detective do the unraveling.	"Caesar" is an old coin—which ties in with megalocephalic ideas of principal murderee. Sprightly but not too well done.	Average
CHANTICLEER'S MUFFLED CROW *Amber Dean* (Crime Club: $2.)	New England village scene of slaying of "unknown woman" and another unfortunate. Returned veteran helps perceptive widow solve case.	Fairly soft-boiled yarn with ample action, ditto emotion, some knowledgeable dope on fighting cocks, and an unsuspected solution.	Entertaining

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ond daughter, Fay, is not in love but is stirred deeply by the sight of males *en masse*. Alice, the youngest, is somewhat like her Uncle Irving, and therefore baffles her family. "She was your idea," Mr. Carey says to his wife. "I thought she would be a boy," says Mrs. Carey.

While Mr. Carey is away the women take over the saloon. Alice runs a puppet show; Mrs. Carey makes tea sandwiches for the free lunch, buys drinks for sailors, and loots the cash register; Fay falls in love with a dipsomaniacal psychiatrist who is haunted by the tripartite personality of a deceased female patient; Edith gets a mother complex for the diabetic young bartender. There is a lady ghost who comes to the saloon every night, calling for Joe. There is a wistful little army private who tries to woo Alice in the cemetery; there is a stone-deaf woman who drinks herself into rigidity and a derelict who plays the harmonica while he drowns himself in beer. In the end Alice unhexes the psychiatrist with fireworks and hypnotism, and Fay decides to marry him. Alice traps the private into a proposal, Mrs. Carey introduces her church club to the wonders of the zombie, and Mr. Carey returns in the nick of time.

If anything has prevented you from getting to your favorite saloon for a loosening up lately, try an evening at Dizzy's Place, run by the carefree Careys. Dizzy was the nickname given to Uncle Irving by his friends of the under-privileged and already loosened up portion of the population, when they discovered that he had taken for his mission in life the reformation and the enlightenment of the middle class, by means of the testament of booze.

Fraser Young's Literary Crypt: No. 116

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer to No. 116 *will be found in the next issue.*

XU XT Z ISDZU ZFKZCUZID HPS

A TNTUDB PH QWXAPTPQWN

UP GD TYGTUZCUXZAAN USYD.

—IDPSID TZCUZNZCZ.

—UWD YCJCPLZGAD.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 115

A MAN MUST NOT SWALLOW MORE BELIEFS THAN HE CAN DIGEST.

—HAVELOCK ELLIS.

—DANCE OF LIFE.

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From The Maine Woods—August, 1945

TO hear of the end of war, the the end of a world struggle that has demonstrated the greatest courage, the greatest suffering, the greatest achievement, and the greatest destruction known to civilization, here in the quiet green forests of Northern Maine is a strange experience. A few words over the radio—and the ancient peace of the woods is invaded. It becomes only a background for tumultuous thoughts and emotions. And yet, the unchanging rhythm of Nature's world goes on. In the cities bells peal, horns blow, boats whistle, thousands, millions of people shout and sing. Here, in the misty dawn, a mother bear sends out her long-drawn, almost human call to summon her cubs on the mountain across the lake, a squirrel scolds from the branches of a pine tree, a loon laughs and flutters its wings along the surface of the water, and, at twilight, a Canadian whitethroat sings its three plaintive, exquisite notes: "Peabody, peabody, peabody."

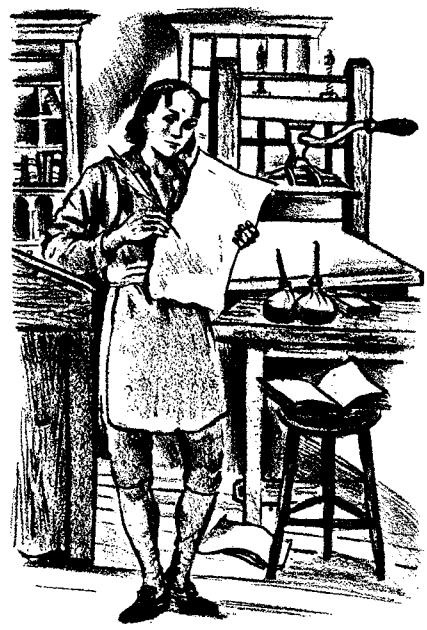
Thoughts come more easily, have better continuity here. And, because the time for destruction is ended and the time for building begun, we think of the children who will live in the world that man has destroyed and must now rebuild—millions of children, all over the face of the earth; some of them still strong and secure, many of them shocked and starved and stunted, so *insecure* that for them there is little promise; children who will know freedom where their fathers knew only slavery, children who are nameless and fatherless. From this war the United States of America has emerged the strongest, the richest, the healthiest nation on earth. Surely out of its wealth and power it will give a helping hand to the children—everywhere. We wish that they could be taken, these children, from the ruined cities and burned-out villages to the cool, living green of woods like these, turned loose in the open, sunny meadows where the goldenrod and black-eyed Susans weave a pattern of gold against the green, where the great grey rocks stand as they have stood for centuries to remind us of the unchanging things, the eternal values. We wish that for ears that have heard the sound of gun-fire and bombs bursting we might give the sound of little waves lapping against the rocks and the sighing of wind through the pine trees. Perhaps these things can happen. *We have begun to build.* The most precious and the most important stones in our foundation are the children. Our thoughts for them must be "long, long thoughts" if we are to build well.

MARY GOULD DAVIS.

A WISH COME TRUE

RUNWAY TO THE SUN. By Colonel Robert L. Scott, Jr. Illustrated by Ralph Ray. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1945. 218 *pp.* $2.50.

THIS story of his boyhood and early training by the author of "God Is My Co-Pilot" is fine preparation for whatever lies ahead for our boys and girls. The little boy who stood on a hill in Georgia and watched the birds grew up in the years between the two World Wars to have his wish granted, his dearest wish that he might "pass them all in their flight." Later on he said—and you can feel his exultant joy in the words: "I could climb to altitudes that would baffle their wings. I could dive at speeds that would tear the feathers from their bodies." His wish was granted—but not until after long training and heart-breaking obstacles. It is his memory of what a boy has to face and conquer, of the things that he must imagine and dare—things totally unapproved by the "powers that be"—of discipline accepted because it brought him more quickly to his goal that makes this record valuable, not only for aviators but for whatever objective a young person has in mind. Robert Scott must have been something of a trial to his parents. And yet, toward the end of his story when he starts off to fly as a soldier for the Allies in this war, he turns his plane toward the old Whiskey Road that leads to the farm where he was born, lands in a wheat field, and looks up at the roof of the old barn from which he made his first flight. There in the shadow of the barn he has a vision of his grandfather standing with his Confederate hat in his hand. Through the pulsing of his engines he hears the familiar voice saying: "You just keep your heart in the heavens, son, and you'll fly back here some day in your own airship and you'll light right out in that field there—and I'll be waiting for you."



—From "Franklin: The Life of an Optimist."

It is hard to say which chapter is the most interesting in this story of the early days of a great flyer. The "Hobo Club" with its mad record of "jumping the freight trains," the experiences as a Boy Scout, the years at West Point, the trip through Europe on a motorcycle—fifteen hundred miles in forty-nine days—the arduous training at Randolph Field, flying the U.S. Mail in totally inadequate planes, the years in Central America and around the Panama Canal, the final

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scientific training as he prepared for war. This reviewer got the most pleasure out of the Central American experiences—the country, the natives, the mad things that the young airmen did and said—and ate! But the deepest impression is made by the final chapters on the new planes that filled Colonel Scott with such joy and pride. The chapter called "Compressibility" manages to "compress" more quiet courage and coolness, more of "what it takes" that is absolutely without egotism, than would seem possible if we did not already know the records that our Army flyers have made. We laid the book down with a sigh of pleasure. Beyond it is the record that newspapers and radio and official reports have made of Colonel Scott's achievements. We leave him with his own words:

"All the world is your playground now—this earth and the sky beyond. Only the twinkling stars are your boundary lights and your runways reach to the sun."

The book is illustrated with endpapers and chapter headings that hardly come up to its text.

M. G. D.

LATTER-DAY HEROINES

BRAVE NURSE: TRUE STORIES OF HEROISM. By Ellsworth Newcomb Co. Illustrated with Photographs. New York: Appleton-Century Co. 1945. 178 *pp.* $2.

NOW that war is over the realistic record of brave deeds told here read like adventure stories. In Iceland, Bataan, North Africa, Italy, and France nurses are described who show heroic courage and determination. At the peril of their lives they bring patients from a bombed hospital into safety, or help perform an operation under fire. A chapter on rehabilitation shows the part the nurses are playing in the amazing recovery of seemingly hopeless cripples. Some monotony is almost inevitable in a book which constantly presents people in a critical situation, but, as we know from the records, war is a grim and monotonous affair.

Real names are given here and the Silver Star, or some other decoration that the heroine received, are always noted. But, like the old epics, it is the deed rather than the individual that stands out. People and incidents impress themselves more strongly on the reader when he reaches the section called "Nurses of Other Lands." We learn of Princess Tsahai of Ethiopia, who traced her ancestry back to the Queen of Sheba, and became at the age of fourteen the head of the Ethiopian Red Cross. In 1942 when the town of Lehanti was stricken with a severe epidemic she rushed to organize the relief, but fell ill herself and died, mourned by the entire nation. Almost savage heroism is shown by three Yugoslav nurses who, with their own hands, take three German prisoners in order to have new blood donors for the Yugoslav soldiers. Good photographs add authenticity to this record.

BLANCHE WEBER SHAFFER.

INDIAN LEGEND

WINDIGO. By Kathrene Pinkerton. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1945. 223 *pp.* $2.

TO those of us who know the Canadian Indian legend of the Windigo this is a fascinating title. To lumbermen in the Canadian forests the windigo is an evil spirit who flies through the air at night bringing fire to burn the soles of their feet—a fatal accident to men who live deep in the wilderness. The Indians in this story are the Ojibwas. To them the windigo is a spirit that enters into and takes possession of a man or a woman, making him or her a cannibal who will kill and eat anyone, even his nearest and dearest. Wen-dah-bah, the Indian boy who appears in an earlier book of Mrs. Pinkerton's about Fox Island and the delightful Jackman family, is so possessed. He leaves his young wife and wanders off into the wilderness. Not only Ann and Philip Jackman, but Jerry Sloane, who learned the ways of the North country from the Jackman family in another book, and Ann's school friend, Rita, set out to find him. It is the Christmas holidays and snow lies deep everywhere. Both Philip and Ann know the difficulties and dangers of such a journey. They know, too, the danger that lies in the superstitious feeling among the Indians about the windigo. They know, as does their father, that this one instance of its appearance might turn the whole tribe against the great Hudson Bay Company and its representatives. Philip and his father suspect that the trouble has been caused by human agency. It is the right kind of courage that Philip and the other three show—courage that knows the risk and takes it with thorough preparation and every sense alert.

They find Wen-dah-bah, sitting half frozen in the empty tepee—sullen, frightened, convinced that he really is a windigo. The scene when Mr. Jackman calls the Indian family together and, with appropriate ceremony, tells them of the treachery of the white trapper who is responsible for the whole thing is dramatic and very well told. It leaves you wishing that there were more men with his patience and understanding to deal with the Indians! This is a grand tale to read in the Maine woods.

M. G. D.

VOLTAIRESQUE SKETCH

FRANKLIN, THE LIFE OF AN OPTIMIST. By André Maurois. Translated by Haakon M. Chevalier. Drawings by Howard Simon. New York: Didier. 1945. 79 *pp.* $2.50.

AGAINST the background of America's struggle for independence Franklin's disciplined and courageous life is drawn here in sharp, simple sentences not unlike an etching and in a style reminiscent of Voltaire—one of Maurois's spiritual ancestors. Although Maurois has a deep admiration for Franklin, he never makes overstatements, but writes the story with his usual moderation and a typical French balance. He says of Franklin: "Like all of us, he had made mistakes. But he had been honest, courageous and kind. What more can be asked of a man?" Perhaps the most colorful chapter is

—From "Runway to the Sun."

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the one that tells of Franklin in France, where he was admired by the men and appreciated by the women who were as much interested in his scientific experiments as they were in his banter.

Many colorful illustrations add to the interest of this sketch of Benjamin Franklin which young and old will enjoy. We can only hope that now when there is so much interest in Europe in the American people this story will be published in the original French in Maurois's native land.

B. W. S.

SOLDIER OF CHINA

IN THE DAYS OF HAN. By M. Jagendorf. Illustrated by Ervin R. F. Neumann. New York: Julian Messner, Inc. 1936. 168 *pp.* $2.50.

CONSCRIPTED against his will to fight in the Chinese army, Lu Sung, the son of a merchant, was lonely and homesick, hating the hard life and the rough men that made up the force fighting the Hiung-nu invaders. Lu Sung was not without courage, however, and in proving this he did much service to the Emperor, so much that he became a respected member of the Court. But he was to learn the bitter lesson that even the mighty Emperor was not all powerful against Court intrigue, and could not save Lu Sung's beautiful and much loved little sister from becoming a political sacrifice.

Published in 1936 and out of print since 1938, the publishers evidently

—From "Mystery of the Secret Drawer."

felt that the ever-growing interest in China would justify this book's reissue. As the background of the Han dynasty is no doubt accurate the book may have some historical value—for its setting. It brings out a number of interesting historical points and it shows the essentially democratic spirit of the Chinese people and their country where, even two thousand years ago, a person of humble birth could achieve the highest position in the land. However, while the book has all the elements to make it an exciting story, the telling is clumsy and the efforts to place it in its period are too obvious to be convincing.

The illustrations, though interesting and interpretive of the background, are uneven. Following the technique of Chinese design they are sometimes quite successful. At others they are weighed with the same ponderousness that burdens the text.

RUTH A. HILL.

A GOOD CROP

MYSTERY OF THE SECRET DRAWER. By Helen Fuller Orton. Drawings by Sandra James. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1945. 105 *pp.* $1.50.

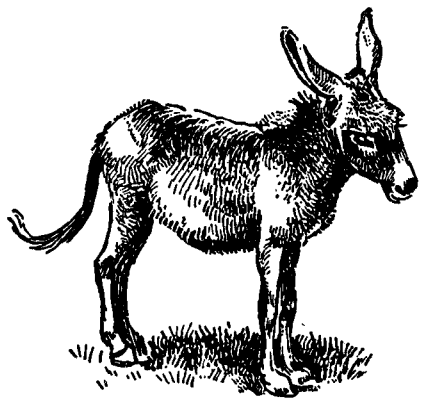
AN attractive little book with large clear type and effective illustrations tells for younger boys and girls the story of the Richards family on a farm. The wheat crop has ripened, and Mr. Richards estimates it at eight hundred bushels. If he gets a good price for it each member of the family may have the thing that he wants most. Mrs. Richards may have a new carpet for the parlor, Mr. Richards may paint the barn—red, Sally may have a new piano not only for herself but for Annie—the musically gifted little girl who lives next door, and Lloyd may have a new bicycle. The wheat is threshed and carried to the grain market near the railroad, the whole family going along. It is weighed. To their delight, the grain man gives Mr. Richard a dollar a bushel—eight hundred and thirty dollars! But before all the treasures can be bought, the big roll of bills is stolen from Mr. Richard's desk in the study. Did Chet, the new hired man, steal it? How Chet proved that, instead of stealing the wheat money, he hid it cleverly from the real thief, how Annie discovered the hiding place while Chet lay unconscious from a fall from a horse makes the "mystery." It is a mild one, but it will satisfy its readers.

M. G. D.

STRANGE DOINGS

MYSTERY OF THE OLD BARN. By Mary Urmston. Illustrated by Grace Paull. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Co. 1945. 10 *pp.* $2.

ANYONE who knows boys and girls knows that most of them will react instantly to a book that has the word "mystery" in its title. It is well, however, not to commercialize this feeling for a puzzle and the fun of solving it. This is a good story of Judy and Mark Arnold whose father is fighting in the Pacific and who come to live with their mother and small brother on an old New England farm. The huge old barn with its dim passageways and high roof fascinates them. They long for animals—horses and cows and dogs and chickens—to fill it. Strange things begin to happen there, and Judy's curiosity conquers her fears. In the end, the mysterious noises and equally mysterious appearances and disappearances are explained in a way that will leave young readers feeling a bit "let down." It would have been just a good story



—From "The Burro of Barnegat Road."

if there had been no mystery at all. The title will probably cause it to be taken more often from the shelves of the public library and the book stores. But the real reason for liking it is that it is a good story about real and amusing people. The illustrations are in Grace Paull's characteristic style.

M. G. D.

CHASTENED CHULA

THE BURRO OF BARNEGAT ROAD. By Delia Goetz. Illustrated by Hilda van Stockum. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1945. 205 *pp.* $2.

THE burro's name is Chula and she comes from Mexico to a farm in Connecticut. Like all burros, and their cousins the Italian donkeys, she is a temperamental creature. Great care is taken by Grandfather and Grandmother in Connecticut and by Father, Mother, Wally, and Dorothy in Washington to study the ways of burros and to supply all the necessary comforts before Chula arrives. The Department of Agriculture is consulted—in a telephone conversation that is as amusing as it is realistic—and Mr. Moon of the Washington Zoo is most helpful. But, as the summer at Barnegat Road rolls by, Chula indulges her temperament in every possible way, in the meantime winning everyone with her sad eyes, her long ears, her tiny feet, and slender legs. Finally the crisis comes. Chula wanders one night into Mr. Derryberry's sweet corn field and eats most of it—Mr. Derryberry is famous for his sweet corn. The next morning Chula is discovered extremely sick—in fact she nearly dies. She is saved by

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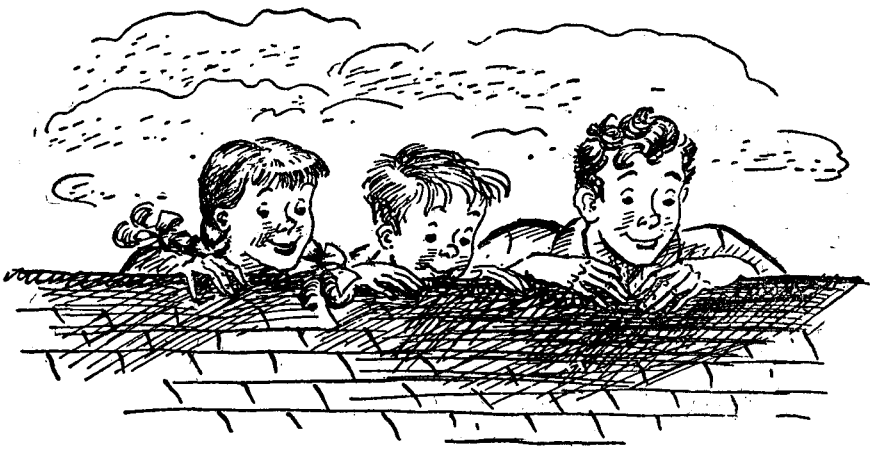

From "Mystery of the Old Barn."

the devotion of Grandmother, Wally, Dorothy, Mrs. Derryberry and—strange as it may seem—Mr. Derryberry. Chula recovers. Mr. Moon arrives from Washington with Father and dresses Chula in the silver-trimmed Mexican saddle and bridle, the red rosettes, the hand-woven side baskets that all Mexican burros of the "first families" expect. Her moodiness disappears. She has decided to behave herself—and work. Today her bray acts as a directive to travellers seeking Barnegat Road. "Yes, this is a Barnegat Road. Hear the burro?"

A knowledge of the ways of burros, probably gained through experience, and a lively sense of humor distinguish this story.

M. G. D.

DEMOCRACY AT WORK

WHEN OUR TOWN WAS YOUNG: STORIES OF NORTH SALEM'S YESTERDAY. Collected and Written by Boys and Girls of Today. Edited by Frances Eicher and Helen Ferris Tibbets. Sponsored by The Board of Education, Central Rural School System, District Number One, Town of North Salem, New York. 1945. 170 *pp.* $2.

THERE is a good deal for thoughtful people to dwell on in this little book. Like "The Springfield Plan" it grew out of an idea that is based on a love for and pride in American democracy. It is, of course, a very small and simple thing in comparison with the Springfield Plan. These boys and girls who did the research and made the notes that tell the story of their town in Westchester County worked for three years before they were ready to present the results in book form. Three successive seventh-grade classes scoured the countryside, consulted histories and records and museums, talked to people who remembered the past, and looked with respect at the old and curious things that have been handed down from one generation to another in the families who live in the region. Their Central High School at North Salem was the first centralized rural school to be opened in the State of New York—and they are proud of it. Perhaps the most refreshing thing about their book is the choice of things to record—and to emphasize. This is no dry-as-dust list of geographical and historical facts. Read over the chapter headings and feel the spirit behind the labor. These chapters tell, well and crisply, of the early Indian life, of the founders and the first grant of land, of the early settlers in whose roster there are many names famous in the history of America. They tell of the churches and the railroads, of the great Dutch farms and diaries, of the factories and schools. They tell of the famous early circus started and owned by Messrs. June, Titus, Angevine and Company and of Old Bet, the elephant, whose statue stands today in front of the Elephant Hotel that was built by no other than Hachaliah Bailey. How Helen Ferris must have loved helping him edit this circus chapter! It is good to feel the vitality, the enthusiasm that speaks through every page of this little book. With no parading or flag-waving, it is deeply patriotic. You feel that it is a labor of love for both the children and the editors. It is illustrated with excellent photographs, well selected.

M. G. D.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 597)

P. B. SHELLEY:
PROMETHEUS UNBOUND

And he tamed fire, which, like some beast of prey,
Most terrible, but lovely, played beneath
The frown of man; and tortured to his will
Iron and gold, the slaves and signs of power.
He gave man speech, and speech created thought.

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THE GOLDEN DUSTMAN

(Song for a Sea Baby)

DOWN along the shore
you can hear the sea
whispering for you,
whispering for me;
blink of gold, blink of green
where the lights the night edge,
and the rustle of the surf
as it lisps on the ledge.
There's a path on the sea coined of old.
And softly and silently, not to be told,
with stars that like diamonds sparkle in the black
of the big velvet sack
that he bears on his back,
to the singing to slumber of stars beyond number
down the moon-golden track
comes the dustman of gold.

They say it is dust
that he casts in your eyes.
I know it is stardust
that renders you wise.
When wind, roaming and moaning
round our house in the night
like a wanderer who prays
for the loan of a light,
turns to sea where the long swell is rolled,
on the reef where the foam of the comber is shoaled,
then with stars coruscating in the depth of his pack,
in the big velvet sack
that he bears on his back,
to the sighing to slumber of waves beyond number
down the long golden track
comes the dustman of gold.

So you dream of the halls
that are under the sea,
that are glittering for you,
that are glittering for me;
and the kind lighthouse lights
fade from sight, out of sound
of the sighing of the surf
that in silence is drowned
where the white halls of coral are cold,
where the gay fishes glow and the sea-horse is foaled,
where he pours out the stars from his deep velvet sack
till they blaze mounded light
where the caverns are black,
and the twanging to slumber of harps beyond number
make a new golden track
for the dustman of gold.

* * *

I wish to thank Mary Heath Lee for the gift of "The Adventurer in Spain," by S. R. Crockett, published in 1904 by the Frank Leslie Publishing House, with illustrations by Cal San Ora and from photographs by the author. And Kenneth Porter of Vassar College, poet and traveller, has written me about Crockett:

> I was glad to see the plug for Samuel Rutherford Crockett in a recent "Nest"—though the only persons it is likely to benefit financially will be the second-hand book-dealers, most of whom seem to have a few of his volumes on their shelves. You mentioned "The Gray Man," with its climax in the cannibal cave of Sawny Bean. I would recommend, as a companion volume, "The Black Douglas," which deals not with cannibals but with were-wolves, with the Satanist Gilles de Retz, the original Bluebeard, as their master. This is a rather timely volume, since so recently Dr. Goebbels urged the Nazis to transform themselves into were-wolves, and with the slaughter-chambers reminiscent of the horror-keep of Machecoul.
>
> The Rev. S. R. Crockett (1860-1914) began his career as a professional writer in 1893—he had published a volume of verse seven years earlier—and between that year and his death, slightly over a score of years later, he published over fifty volumes, chiefly historical romances, the scenes of which ranged in time from the early fifteenth century up to the writer's own period, and in place from the Baltic to his own Scotland. Though he wrote stirringly of France, and Scotland, and northeastern Europe in the medieval and early modern periods, of Italy's struggle for liberation, of the Camisard revolt in early eighteenth century France, of the English Civil War, of the partisan struggle against the invading Germans in the Franco-Prussian War, and of Paris in the days of the Commune which followed, he was best when his scene and his theme were his own Scotland, and particularly his own Galloway region. I must make, however, a personal exception of his "modern" novels of play-actresses and divinity students, which I find almost, or entirely, unreadable. He was at his best, I think, as "The Covenanter Walter Scott"—when he wrote with understanding and admiration of the farmers and shepherds and weavers who took to the hills and marshes with firelock, pike, and pitchfork in the late seventeenth century, to defend their right to worship as they chose and not as the king commanded ("The Men of the Moss Hags"). Next, perhaps, comes his trilogy of smuggling, cattle-stealing, and outlaw gypsies, in the late seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries ("The Raiders," "Silver Sand," "The Dark of the Moon"); the latter includes an episode drawn from the struggle of the Galloway "Levellers" against the landlords who would enclose the common lands.
>
> And here is one of the most attractive features of S. R. Crockett's writings. He has little gift for character-drawing; his heroes are usually the same man—youthful, courageous, callow, conceited, a little stupid, perhaps; his heroines are all the same woman—gay, dashing, flirtatious, tomboyish, clever (he apparently agrees with the old proverb: "The grey mear's the better horse"); but his narratives are full of stirring action and his heart is always with the under-dog, the common man. He is devoid of the aristocratic Jacobitism which caused Sir Walter Scott to have palpitations when addressed by the most swinish prince who ever disgraced the English throne and, in his writings, to caricature the honest and sturdy, if fanatical, Covenanters and exalt their cruel and tyrannical oppressors. He also lacks the snobbishness which disfigures so much of the writing of his fellow Scot, John Buchan, the late Lord Tweedsmuir.
>
> One of Crockett's most charming volumes, "A Galloway Herd," is obviously semi-autobiographical, and one can find in it the roots of many of his later writings as well as a delightful picture of life in a Covenanting household in southwestern Scotland in the second third of the last century.
>
> I doubt that anyone has read everything Crockett wrote, or that anyone should be advised to make the attempt, but I have probably read as many of his volumes as anyone (unless a Ph.D. candidate somewhere has adopted him) and am able to state that anyone interested in rousing narrative and vivid local color rather than subtleties of style and characterization, and who is not yet acquainted with S. R. Crockett, could do a lot worse than to hie him to the nearest second-hand bookstore or public library and introduce himself to Crockett.

* * *

Finally, the recollection of a great episode of the war caused this:

THE WORD

The weather blanketed our Fliers thick
That dark December. The Panzers could indulge
Their desperate sortie of the Belgian Bulge.
The Nazis thought at last they'd turned the trick:
First floating flares, and then a combat-stick
Of paratroopers, while Rundstedt's columns came
Blasting through the Ardennes with smoke and flame
Till Hodges barely stopped them, in the nick.

"Soldiers of the West Front, your hour has struck!"
Their General cried. But we had one who said
(Holding Bastoigne eight days to stop them dead
Till Patton came) one word, through blood and muck,
One simple word—American—with guts.
That was a word, McAuliffe! The word was, *"Nuts!"*

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

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(*Continued from page* 37)

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The Crostics Club

By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

HANS H. A. MEYER, New York, and S. A. Imoque, Amsterdam, N. Y., call my attention to an error in DC No. 589 which says "Battle in which Antiguous and his son Demetrius were slain (301 B.C.)," in that Demetrius was not slain but lived to be King of Macedonia and died in 283. I interpreted what I read under *Ipsus* in *Battles*, pg. 233, W. N. I., as I gave it. A reply to my letter to the W. N. I. tells me that I misinterpreted the facts given. I still think the expression in W. N. I. ambiguous, as perhaps you will if you read it.

Mrs. M. S. Smithers, Greenwich, Conn., of that ingenious trio, Caroline Rutz-Rees and Lady Gilbert Carter, sends me a page from a *Metropolitan Museum of Art Bulletin* in which the word *ziggurat* is illustrated, suggesting that I use it on our non-reference book puzzlers. Someday when I have a z in the Acrostic and two g's to spare I'll try it on you. But since you use your wits so well, you'll no doubt not have to know that word to work out the puzzle! This is a point that needs driving home especially to novices, who look at a few definitions and decide that DCs are beyond them. A few familiar words, as we know, often give you the clues to many an unfamiliar one.

I have just finished a DC with 187 letters and but 23 words in the Acrostic. It's 21 e's, 17 o's, 16 n's, 15 h's, 15 s's, and 8 d's, with an average of 8 letters to a word, made for hard sledding. If I do not use up s's and d's in the course of the process, and I can usually if the words are common nouns and verbs, the puzzle never comes out even and requires too much juggling for comfort. It took me four hours just to concoct the words, but I stuck at it although the final words surprised me.

Harriet Epworth, Omaha, as evidence of "how much we are getting round these days," sends us two clippings, one from the March issue of *Cosmopolitan*, the other from the June issue of *Good Housekeeping*. "Stardust," by Edith S. Campbell, tells us that Mr. Dexter was "at the moment wrestling with a Double-Crostic in *The Saturday Review of Literature*, with his head propped on one arm of the sofa and his feet in red morocco house slippers." In "The Custody of the Child" the Judge asks his son if he wants to do an errand for him: "You know that little stationer's store next the post office? I wonder if you'd run up there and ask for a *Saturday Review of Literature*. They always get a copy for me so that I can do the Double-Crostic." The two quotes seemed very obviously ads, yet they were not so labeled in the pages received.

DOUBLE-CROSTICS: No. 598

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-five words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 35 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Violently and noisily (Comp.; colloq.)

B. Of sufficient value to repay the effort (Comp.)

C. A fallacy or form of false thinking (Logic).

D. German opera and Philharmonic conductor (1886-).

E. Title of the Persian governor of Jerusalem, applied to Nehemiah and others (Bib.)

F. Dutch painter (1623-78).

G. A colorless, odorless, inert gaseous element found in the atmosphere (Chem.)

H. A cherrylike color.

I. To please greatly (Rare).

J. Suggesting strength and massiveness (after a famous French sculptor).

K. To determine the length of (an arc of a curve; Math.)

L. A work by Ruskin (1860).

M. An Indian of western Washington, living on a reservation of the same name.

N. Novel by Scott (1825).

O. Partly, but not fully, in existence or operation.

P. The queen for whom Hercules had to spin in female garments for three years. (Gr. Myth.)

Q. The joint of a stem (Bot.)

R. To be firm in supporting (2 wds.)

S. One devoted to the monastic life or such.

T. The *Clermont*, first steamboat in America (2 wds.)

U. Fine-looking; neat; splendid (Slang).

V. A sugar mill; also a sugar plantation (Sp. Amer. and Phil. I.)

W. Treaty port, Hunan prov., China.

X. Republic whose capital is Beirut.

Y. To withdraw from (as soldiers from a fortress).

WORDS

160 52 39 80 109 174 147 191

4 96 76 143 192 44 122 83 37 18

50 19 29 169 140 185

153 22 13 193 49 71 142 84 62 77 57

186 119 137 132 2 167 133 45 110

75 55 123 176 43

53 155 99 23

90 138 172 190 35 101

187 58 41 3 129 173 82 64 161

102 148 24 115 97 56 162 139 16 59

6 28 78 111 95 188 34

159 72 181 32 182 166 67 118 189 25 108 121

179 131 73 8 168 51 149 88

127 20 66 175 165 70 60 117

10 85 27 157 106 125 94 141

158 74 100 48 79 177 164

26 116 15 89

98 112 105 170 130 61 36

152 40 114 128 104 184

154 180 92 126 14 107 86 30 134 144 33 178

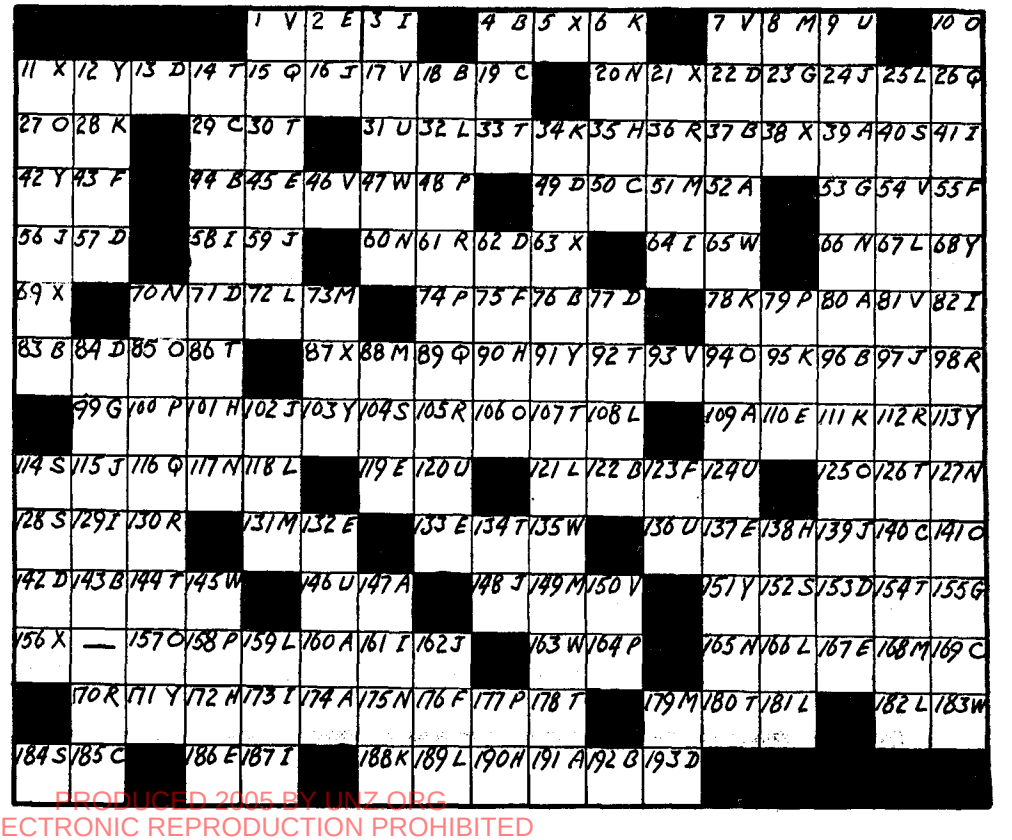
9 31 146 136 120 124

1 150 93 81 46 17 7 54

145 135 47 183 65 163

38 156 21 5 11 69 87 63

171 68 113 151 91 103 12 42



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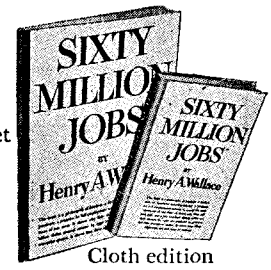

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